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MILLER'S
PROSE and VERSE

IN

Part English
and Part Pennsylvania German

By EDWIN C. MILLER

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Miller's Prose and Verse

Part English
Part Pennsylvania German

By EDWIN C. MILLER

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MILLER'S PROSE AND VERSE

PART ENGLISH

PART PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN

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PREFACE

The author of this work has attempted to furnish his readers a book in Penna. German, using the sound of the German letters in spelling.

However, in words derived from the English language, the letters retain their original sound.

In comparing Penna. German with High German, we find in certain words a shade or difference in sound.

As an explanation and in order to express Penna. German in its true form the author has substituted the letters giving the required sound.

As an example, wo, in German, is spelled wu, in Penna. German, kom, kum, etc.

In many cases b, in the middle of a word changes to w, as lebe, lewe, Leber, Lewer, etc.

The dipthong ei, changes to ai, as heis, hais, Bein, Bai'.

In certain cases k, has the sound of g, as in klein glai'.

In most words ending in n, or en, mostly prevalent in verbs, the n, is silent and has been omitted, as schlagen, schlage.

It may truthfully be said that Penna. German is free from useless letters. If the object of a language is to express our thoughts, it may be considered an improvement.

All silent letters, or sounds of invisible letters have been eliminated. In both English and German we have many letters that are obsolete. The h, and sh sound are found frequently, in invisible letters in English; as in sure, attention, etc.

In German words like bist, stand, just, the sh sound is eliminated.

In Swiss German, same as in Penna. German sh is sounded, and in Penna. German is spelled bisht, shtand, jusht.

To write Penna. German as a comparison with High German would require a copious use of apostrophes. As most languages need pruning of useless letters, the author offers Penna. German as an illustration of what could be accomplished with High German.

Penna. German has its parts of speech and its declensions all in its own particular style, and is not a jumble of words of different languages, as many uneducated persons in languages believe.

In this work it is not the purpose of the author to dwell on the orthography of Penna. German, but merely to serve as a guide to the reader and to those who are familiar with High German, but not being familiar with Penna. German may find an obstacle in the construction or meaning of certain words. Some of its words are from the old High German.

In conclusion will say that every language to be understood must be studied.

A language can be used or abused. The power of expression in Penna. German depends on the grammatical construction of its words and sentences, and on natural talent and ability whether used in speaking or in writing.

THE AUTHOR.

IN THE BERKS CO. HILLS

Among the rugged hills,
In the County of Berks,
In the green meadows
Where the lone snipe lurks
The fire-flies endeavor
To illumine the night,
And flash their bright jewels,
In the summer twilight.

THE BROOK

A clear bubbling spring,
As the mother and source,
Of two babbling brooks,
As they flow in their course,
Over stony paths,
Thru shady vales,
In all the seasons
Pure water never fails.

The brooks hasten on
And endeavor to fill,
One the thirsty Lehigh,
The other Schuylkill.
With sparkling water,
From the Berks County hill
One side a brook follows
The other beyond
Yet both meet again,
In the great silent Pond.

Thru the meadow flows the murmuring brook,
Where boys fished with line and hook.
The bushes along the bank afforded a shady retreat,
As we laid in the shade, and under the bank with caution peeped,
To watch the hungry fishes fight
Trying to get a little bite.
The biggest fish would always win,
They were the ones, we would pull in.
The smaller fish would warily nibble,
They seemed greatly to relish the fare,
But soon they had my hook laid bare.
So I covered the hook with bait,
And I had not long to wait,

A hungry big fish in the brook,
Spied little fishes at the hook;
From under the bank, he suddenly darted,
The smaller fish how they were startled.
When he wiggled his body in his might,
And quickly brushed them all aside.
Greedily the bait he swallowed like all his sort,
A jazzing fish was my reward.
What a joy to my keen appetite,
When eaten after being in butter fried.

The fish then seemed of fair size,
Is it only the vision of my eyes,
That makes them now seem very small,
And the brook so narrow, as if it had been squeezed,
Too narrow to hold the fish on which we had our feast.

TWILIGHT IN THE VILLAGE

A village nestles peacefully among the green.
When a day in summer is drawing to a close,
From the meadow comes a fragrance of new mown hay,
The bee returns from fields of clover,
And men from their labor enjoy sweet repose.

The rays of the sun, their shimmering dance have ceased.
The ever lengthening shadows point to the east,
The sun tells man not the darkness to fear,
And points in the direction where again she'll appear.

It is the end of a warm summer day,
Slowly the sun withdraws her last slanting ray,
And from behind the mountain takes one last peep,
Soon the weary village will be asleep.

The twittering swallows circle above the house,
And catch the gnats with open mouth,
Then suddenly in the chimney dive
Like honey-laden bees in a hive.

When the sun has met the western hills,
And vanished far beyond,
And the swallows in the chimney roost
The Bat is on the hunt.

When the twinkling stars above with their light,
And the fire-flies below
In the meadows at night,
Endeavor to keep the dark world bright,
Musical creatures with the gift of song,
Furnish music the lovely night long,
From the dark fragrant meadow and watery bogs
Sings the weird chorus of a thousand frogs.

Like the distant echo of myriad souls,
Communicating in another world,
The melancholy sound perturbs the ear,
When lonely souls the night frogs hear.

From the dark shadowy woods,
In the silent night,
Comes a lonely voice of a bird;
It is the mysterious whip-poor-will,
For ages men have heard.

Before white men tread the virgin soil,
And turned the woods to fields,
In the dark silent woods the bird then dwelt,
That no more a living yields.
The woods are gone, the bird is lone,
The night air he will fill,
The message that comes from hill and vale,
Is always "Whip-poor-Will."

MORNING

When the cricket by the roadside in the weed,
No more sounds his rythmical beat,
And the musical chorus has ended its song,
The night is approaching the rising sun.

Men and beasts are at rest,
But, will rise again refreshed;
Down cast fields of drooping grain,
Beaten down by wind and rain,
Like those who heavy burdens bear,
In the sunshine rise and breathe the air.
All those whom the sunshine meet,
Rise again on their feet.

THE VILLAGE AS IT WAS

Time has not changed the country village name,
But the quiet village is not now the same
Among the hills in Berks.
Its fame and glory long has passed,
History proves fame cannot last.
Nations, mortals, and cities men say,
Have their period of growth and decay.
Along the winding country road
May still be seen the hopping toad.

But where are the fragrant locust trees,
Whose fragrance emanated the country breeze.
And eased the traveller up the hill
Where on top is the old school house still,
The time-worn scarred school-house red,
From which my school-mates all have fled.
I long to climb that steeple once more,
When school boys many years before,
In the steeple they would climb,
And leave in the dome the mark of time.
There we found the name and date,
Years before a teacher had made,
Besides that learned teacher's name,
Our name and date we left the same.

Along the peaceful village street,
All has changed whatever I meet,
There is a spot—how it has altered,
To change its beauty man has not faltered;
But the picture that is in the mind
Man can not change or find.
The white paling fence no more we see,
Underneath the old black-cherry tree.

With its snowy blossoms white,
Surely was an elegant sight:
A grassy bank was a reclining seat.
As I inhaled a fragrance rare and sweet,
And listened to the buzzing bee
Gathering honey in the tree.

The fence was white-washed in the spring,
But is replaced by wire thin.
The old homestead is no more the same,
The ownership has changed in name.
In the meadow croaked the bull-frog in the spring
To bring greetings from the approach of spring.
On a warm summer night he'd make a noise,
Like a singer with a deep bass voice.
The ever green spruce tree still is there,
To withstand the blast of the cold winter air.
The stronger the wind blows the higher he'll shriek,
Till his voice is pitifully weak;
The winds heart softens, and mercifully relieves,
The tortured trembling evergreen leaves.

As the fury of the winds abate,
The tree is relieved from the ague.
But still low and mournfully moans,
The wind again will torture his cones.
Many a cold stormy winter night,
The moaning tree in the yard outside,
Faced the cold and stormy weather,
While men slept in a bed of feather.

In Summer the grassy meadows with its weeds,
Was crossed by a path to a spring that leads,
Thru a land of jewels glistening in the sun,
Morning passed and plucked every one.

I approach the old rusty rail-road track,
Its commerce now is very slack.
The wharf once loaded with valuable ore,
Grass and moss now cover the floor.
No more the voices of men greet the ear,
Or the sound of the shovel do we hear.
Where is that burly teamster with his black-snake whip,
Often he'd stop at the hotel for a sip.
He was able master of a team of four,
Loaded with heavy iron ore.
Picture the scenes as they were of yore
That passed from view forevermore.

The horses no more follow the rut,
And turn from the road of stone and mud,
They are near their journey's end,
And before the team is to the mines send,
Approach the wharf with its pile of ore,
Where they pull as never before.
The burly teamster how he roared,
He cracks his whip with a loud report,
The horses pull and how they snort,
To pull the load on the pile so short.
The teamster, guides them close to the ledge,
You'd tremble in fear they'd go over the edge.

The horses now are relieved of their load,
To the mines in ruts they follow the road.
Their heaving chests like bellows blow,
With steaming nostrils to the mines they go.

Where is the old fashioned wheezy engine,
That to the quiet village attracted attention,
Train-loads of ore it carried away,
And to the village proclaimed the time of day.
To the boys it was an object of wonder and might,
I long once more on that cow-catcher to ride.
In those days the engine you'd see,
A classy dignified name had she.

Where is now that old breezy Montana,
With her grimy black bandana,
So roomy it furnished a brakeman's seat.
Airy comfortable and neat.
The seat you'd find at the end of the tender,
In front of the engine a large wooden fender.
Around her body were yellow brass bands,
Kept bright by the engineer's watchful hands,
The engine was then an object of pride,
The engineer loved to in her ride.

Where is the areal, named by boys "Little Witch."
Perhaps she lies somewhere in a ditch.
She was built not for strength but for speed,
With a cow on the track it was better for both to take heed.
The engine now that visits the village,
Looks like one who is there for pillage.
Her voice is deep hollow and gruff,
Like one who is very rough;
But what is her crime, what is her shame,
That she has forfeited her name.
And like a prisoner in a cell,
Is numbered and ordered by bell.

THE WOODS

In the woods near the railroad track,
We gathered chestnuts in a sack;
The trees we bombarded with stone and stick,
To release the chestnuts we would pick.
In the cool and windy fall
Underneath the trees so tall.

In the warm summer time,
In the shady woods so fine,
Across the brook a dam we made,
Where we bathed in the shade.

Along the bank on a smooth tree,
For many years our names you'd see;
Cut neatly in the green bark,
With a jack-knife dear and sharp;
As the tree attained its size,
I watched the tree with eager eyes;
To see how my name had spread,
On the tree that was my pet.
For years I wandered in western land,
When I returned some cruel hand,
Alas, my beloved tree laid low:
To the tree and me it was a blow.
A huge saw mill one early morn,
Like cattle in a field of corn,
The shady woods laid waste,
And with the trees, Cain it raised.

Now in those chestnut trees so dear,
No more the squirrel do I hear:
As a chatting sound he made,
Calling loudly to his mate.
The stumps have not a nut to give,
So he'll over winter live.

THE APPLE TREE

Near the woods was the old apple tree,
There the family cow would be, Eating apples—that she found
Had fallen from the tree on the ground.
How the cow her tail would flourish,
To chase the flies her body did nourish.
In persistence the flies could not be beat,
And to escape the flies and burning heat,
She'd go on a hasty stampede.
Where I could not follow in bare feet.
Thru bushes with thorns long and sharp,
On my legs were many a mark,
The wild has taken possession of the field,
No more pasturage now it'll yield.

A fallen trunk on the ground,
Neglected decaying all year round,
Among bramble-bushes in a maze,
Where he lived his fruitful days,
Forlorn, forgotten, the apple tree lies,
Ere long in mind the memory dies.

THE COLD SPRING

Among the green hills,
Where I lived when a boy,
There is a cold spring,
Overflowing with joy;
A cold stream flows,
In the day and the night,
From that old rusty pipe
In the grassy hillside.

Sparkling and clear,
It flows on the ground,
A sweet purer stream
Can nowhere be found;
In the fragrant wild wood
The wild birds sing,
And join in the chorus,
With the babbling spring.

Wandering in the west
Where the country is dry,
I drank western water
With a crave and a sigh;
As my thoughts flew away
And to the east took flight,
To the little spring flowing
From the hill-side.

Many years have gone by,
To the spring I returned;
Ripe in experience
With many lessons learned,
When I drew near the spring
A sparkling stream, I could see;
In a familiar sound,
The spring welcomed me.

At the cool shady spring,
Friends that I met,
And the sweet happy moments,
I shall not forget,
As I wander thru life
Full of toil and care,
More peace and content,
Can't be found any where;
Then to sit by the spring
With old friends by your side,
And converse with the spring,
Babbling at the hill-side.

Many a miner on his way,
Weary with toil at the end of day,
With measured steps walked the tie,
Eagerly toward the spring drew nigh.
The sparkling water then he drank,
Flowing from the grassy bank,
He lingered and refreshment found,
Then resumed his journey homeward bound.

Between the weeds the ties decay
Of the unused abandoned railway,
The rails are dull and covered with rust;
The old time miners have gone to dust.

Of all the drinks man has made,
Some in the open, some in the shade,
Of sweet drinks you'll soon have your fill;
Some drinks make you——forever still.

Other drinks will make you reel;
But if you wish to happy feel,
Health and joy that's the thing,
Drink plenty water from
The little cold spring.

WILLIE CLOVERFIELD

Willie Cloverfield before reaching his teens, lived in the country, and with his playmates enjoyed the pleasures of country life in his boy hood-days.

It was in the days before the movies came into existence, and the automobile was yet a dream.

Country life affords various kinds of amusement, dear to a boy's heart, but where is the boy that cares not for snow or ice in winter. Coasting and skating are enjoyed by boys living in the city or in the country.

When the chilly winds of November were blowing, school-days had arrived and Willie was attending the primary grade of a country school.

Every morning on arising he would look out his bed-room window over the meadow, expecting to see snow that perhaps had fallen during the night. Another trying period in Willie's life was the early spring. In the early part of April school days were over, and he and his playmates waited patiently with visions of millponds and swimming-holes under sunny skies.

Soon after the bluebird sang his first note, and the sun was shining brightly with the thermometer still quite low, the boys believed cold weather to be only imagination. They discarded their shoes and stockings and ran about barefooted. However, to their disappointment, their parents were concerned regarding their health, and it was only their fear that prevented the boys from going about unshod.

It was not long before warmer days arrived.

Soon the boys could be seen wandering about in the fields and meadows discovering strange, and beautiful flowers, or hunting wild straw berries growing among the tall grass, about fences.

There were wild-lilies, lady-slippers, pansies, forget-me-nots and other varieties of wild flowers beautiful but nameless to them when discovered for the first time in their childhood.

In the woods were the fragrant arbutus, laurel and other strange blossoms.

Sometimes a turtle would slowly be making its way thru the grass, but upon touching would draw the head and feet in the shell and lock up the house.

Willie would always lift the turtle and look on the underside of the shell to see initials or a date carved on the shell as sometimes happens.

As a rule in those days the country boy had few toys and Willie was not an exception.

By exercising a little ingenuity, nature in the bumble-bee furnished one of the best toys for the boys that could be found. When the trees were in bloom and the boys heard the buzzing of the bumble-bee, they knew the time had arrived to go fishing by the brook in the meadow.

It was also bumble-bee time. They loved to hear him buzz, but had practical ideas concerning bumble-bees. Tied to a thread, he became a sort of a toy balloon or kite, and by unwinding the spool was given as much freedom as desired.

When tired or walking, he at once became a bear led by a chain, and many times the imaginary bear climbed a pole.

Now who the originator was of this idea no one can positively state. It was customary for some families to attend the county fair, and bring home toy balloons for their children in the village.

One time a traveller passing through the neighborhood, with a tame bear by a chain, compelled the bear to climb a flag pole at the village tavern. This act and other antics brought intense delight and amusement to the children in the village.

Possibly these incidents were accountable for the slavery of the bumble-bee.

While a bumble-bee attached to a thread made a desirable toy; catching the toy is another story.

Willie learned painfully as my story will prove, that there are two kinds of bumble bees. They were classified as schwartz kop and weisskop bumble-bees so named from the appearance.

Men of learning generally use Latin names in classifying insects, but the mother tongue served the purpose just as well.

Had the black-head bumble-bee been given any other name, the pain of his sting would never be lessened.

On account of this undesirable quality, the stocks of the black-head were low in fact worthless, while the stocks of the white-head bumble-bee brought on the market such a valuable possession as a fish hook, Jews-harp, Sling-shot, and articles highly prized by a boy.

On the sunny side of the village school-house, outside under the windows sills, the bumble-bees were seen making their homes.

Their holes extended about an inch vertically in the soft wood, then branched off sideways about five inches.

The question was how to make the bumble-bee leave his home. It was a difficult task to reach him with a stick, and to injure him was out of the question.

An injured bumble-bee was of no more use to them, than an air-plane with broken wings is to an aviator.

But the boys learned how to hunt bumble-bees. They started a bombardment. By striking heavily with a heavy stick against the window sill, the bumble-bee became shell-shocked, and when he could not bear the jarring any longer, flew from his hole, and was immediately knocked down with a hat by a waiting youngster.

While the bumble-bee was half stunned it was an easy matter to determine whether he belonged to the white-head family.

If a white-head was in captivity, a loop in a thread was passed around the waist or slender part of his body and tied. A youngster was then the happy possessor of a pet in which he received as much joy and satisfaction as the owner of a pedigreed dog, when walking along leading his dog by a chain. But before going into the bumble-bee business, Willie had to learn his painful lesson. While there is no rose without a thorn he found there was also no bumble-bee for him without a sting.

He was aware that a certain species had a powerful sting and had an impression it belonged to the black-head family. An older mischievous boy told him the sting was in the white-head family. One fine day in Spring while the door was open a bumble-bee found his way into the house.

Not being able to locate an exit, he was desperately trying to make his way through the window-pane.

Seeing the predicament of the bumble-bee, Willie approached with visions of a bumble-bee by a thread. With an open hand he stealthily drew nearer and before striking or grabbing hesitated only long enough to learn to his satisfaction that it was one of the black-head family.

Had not his friend told him the black-heads were harmless? Yes, Relying on his word he quickly but gently grabbed the bee, but even more quickly left him free. How he was stung!

Disappointment and pain were the sensations, and he could never, overcome the distrust he felt, toward the older boy. Willie could never see the humorous part of the situation, and could not understand why he should be so painfully deceived by one who pretended to be a friend.

In the early part of life a year seems to be a long time, but for Willie summer had hardly begun before the cool winds of autumn began to blow and the fishing and swimming days were gone for the rest of the season. But Autumn was not without its compensation. The woods abounded with chestnut,

hickory, and butternut trees, and the boys were busy picking nuts for the winter during Saturdays when they were not attending school.

The mines were always an object of curiosity to the boys. The odor of tallow candles and burned fuse seemed to fascinate them. There was that old dark tunnel that led to the heart of a mountain to be explored.

To satisfy their curiosity, one winter Sunday while the snow was melting on the ground, Willie and one of his pals trudged thru the snow to explore the mine.

A narrow-gauged track in the tunnel led to the interior workings of the mine. For several yards the entrance was protected by heavy timbers, but soon the boys entered the space blasted out of solid rock. Here they stopped for a moment to examine their surroundings. All was silent save the sound of dripping water, and the hollow echo of their voices when they spoke. This water was the source of a small stream flowing from the tunnel along the track.

The light of the entrance seemed some distance away, only appeared much smaller. The boys decided to go further. Pushing a mine truck ahead of them, they now passed a curve in the tunnel. Before passing this curve the entrance in the distance still was visible; but now they were in pitch darkness without a ray of day-light. They pushed on some distance and reached a space flooded with daylight. Not knowing from whence the light came they looked about to discover its source and found it to be the opening of a shaft high above their heads.

At last their curiosity was satisfied, and they began to return in the direction in which they came by following the truck while pushing it out of the tunnel.

Their arrival at home found them to their dismay with soaking wet shoes and stockings. Fearing the wrath of their parents the boys decided to take refuge in the school-house in

order to dry their wearing apparel. By crawling through the open grating in the rear wall and opening a trap door in a clothes closet, gained entrance to the building.

In the centre of the room was the old-fashioned coal stove. Willie and his pal began to shake the grate and regulate the draft and before long the old stove was wearing red cheeks. They pulled off their shoes and stockings and placed them near the hot stove to dry. In the meantime the boys were amusing themselves by writing on the black-board. After a time they returned to pull on their shoes and stockings, and were congratulating themselves on their cleverness, when Willie remarked to his companion his shoes felt hard and inflexible. Surely so they were. By placing the shoes too near the stove the leather became brittle, and the next day the boys needed a new pair of shoes.

In the old school-house in the primary grade the teacher taught in English, to speak English, and write English, but most of the pupils understood very little in a language outside their mother tongue. When the teacher said "Bound Pennsylvania" the pupils repeated the words "Bound Pennsylvania."

When the teacher asked one of the pupils to repeat the sentence. The cat sits by the fire. The pupils would say, "The cat sits on the fire." without realizing the difference in position the words, at and on, brought the cat.

There were daily drills in pronunciation. Instead of saying dis, dose, and dat, the teacher was demonstrating by placing the tongue between the front teeth, how to produce the th sound in saying this, those and that. Willie however, could never understand why anyone wished to speak when biting the tongue at the same time.

Yet with all the handicap of studying lessons in a new tongue, and with all our boasted educational system, it is a question whether the country schools produce better or as well educated

pupils today than twenty years ago, referring to pupils in the lower grades. Comparing with the number of pupils there are few who receive the benefits of a high school education.

The school Willie Cloverfield attended was a two story building, graded primary and grammar. In the grammar school pupils that reached the age of 16 or 17 years were studying Algebra, Civil Government, Literature, along with the other common branches.

There are successful doctors, ministers, and business men living today who, received their early training and laid the foundation of their education in this country grammar school.

Today the school is vacant, only one grade being taught. The boys in this school had a keen sense of humor. They derived keen pleasure by showing the uninitiated how to see the stars in the daytime. This method was demonstrated by placing a coat over the victim's head and having him look thru the sleeve toward the sky. At the proper moment some one would then pour a cup of water thru the sleeve. The wet face of the victim produced peals of laughter from his companions.

Another favorite amusement was "mesmerism". To mesmerize a pupil it was only necessary to blindfold the subject. He was then told to pass a finger in a circle around the bottom of a glass that had been previously wetted with ink. It was then required to pass his finger across his forehead and down his cheeks. He was now ready to have the blind removed from his eyes, and to behold his inky face in a mirror. The expression on his face caused keen delight.

Every day in life should be a school day, and for many of us it is, only we cannot devote as much time to the study of books as in our youthful years. In the game of life we are constantly brought in situations that requires our judgment and skill to overcome. By doing so we gain in knowledge. Now when Willie Cloverfield reached his eighteenth year, he was a young

man with a fair education, but was unfitted to do anything specially in any particular line of work. His school days in the quiet village were gone. It was his fate to leave the hills, the home of his ancestors and struggle with the world for a living.

One thing was in his favor, he had a strong body and was able to do manual labor. When he left the hills for the city, he found in every occupation were foreigners from almost every country in Europe. Even common labor was monopolized by foreign workmen under a foreign foreman. At big industrial plants the usual questions asked at the employment window were, What can you do? How much experience have you had? Nationality? Many times Willie was turned away by being told, "We only want experienced men." The works were filled with men from Europe but he was not given an opportunity in this land of opportunity.

Since everywhere he went and sought employment, employers accepted only men with experience, the question for him was how to get the experience. But that is another story.

He is now middle-aged with many kinds of experiences. He has never forgotten the old school-house of his child-hood days.

One day he decided to visit the school. It was the noon hour the pupils on the play ground were surprised to see a stranger walk to the windows and look under the window sills. He then went in the building and had a few words with the teacher. It was Willie Cloverfield returning after many years absence.

He found the old stove replaced by a modern system of heating, but the holes in the window sills are still there where he and his pals bombarded the bumble-bees many years ago.

When the bell rang calling the school in session to Willie's ear it brought memories of the long ago, and as the children rushed in the building from the playground Willie slowly walked away in an opposite direction.

LIFE

Our senses are five millers who bring,
Their scattered grain to grind;
We are the owners of the mill,
We call the mysterious mind,
Sorrow, joy, love and hate,
In thoughts pass thru the mill-race gate.
The grist we grind and make the meal,
Is good or bad it's how we feel.

The mysteries of life men investigate,
With a light that's dim,
Progress we have painfully made,
Thru the grinding din.

The senses can not comprehend
The origin of life, and less the end,
The mill is not for stones to grind,
A crusher needs the mysterious mind.

The roaring of battle and the crash of thunder,
Sweet songs of birds, and music are a wonder.
Yet all the sounds that we hear,
Are only a tickle in the ear.
Without the ear sound would not be,
Life would be less abundantly.

Wish not for an eye, with a larger range,
Monsters you'd see grotesque and strange,
Had we an eye that enlarged a germ to a bee,
A wonderful world we then would see,
A world obscured and mercifully small,
That man has never beheld at all.
Gnawing, life-sapping monsters, are a shocking sight.
Merciful would be, a death from fright.

But other worlds it would bring so near,
Tiny stars would like moons appear,
It would be a most wonderful sight,
To gaze toward heaven in the night.
How it would make this world so bright,
Perhaps there would not be any night.
Is the race still partly blind,
Is darkness only in the mind?
Where will I the answer find.

The infinite Universe is immense,
And yet too small for us to sense.
Men strive to enlarge that bright beaming star,
That shines on us from afar.

Here we must struggle and worry for a while,
To keep a hunk of clay alive.
When from bondage, release draws near,
We shed our burden and disappear.
And to an other land we go,
Trusting life's mysteries we shall know.

IN THE WILDS OF BERKS COUNTY.

In the mountains of Berks County, near the boundary of Lehigh, years ago was a clearing in the woods comprising about four acres.

It is situated near historical abandoned ore mines at the apex where two mountains ranges meet and is known as the Gap.

The clearing has been growing smaller year by year until today it is again claimed by the wilderness. It is covered with an undergrowth of weeds and thorny bushes that harass all trespassers with a vengeance.

Here a settler with his family struggled in the wilderness many years ago. There is no record of any descendants, and the family history is forgotten. Their history lies buried in the soil. All that remains besides the clearing are two graves with rough unfinished stones as they came from the woods and with out any inscription, marking the last resting place of these early pioneers.

Tradition handed down to the younger generation the name of this place as "Somsels' bletzel." From the name of the place one may surmise the name of the family that occupied this plot was Somsel.

Altho a small place it is not necessary to stretch the imagination in realizing the amount of labor expended in clearing a tract of that size in a wilderness of virgin forest.

There were trees to be felled, a log cabin to build, then the daily struggle with stumps, roots and rocks from sunrise to sunset. In the early history of our country, life meant a daily struggle to clear the land or to face starvation.

When at last the settler succeeded in making a garden spot of the wilderness and gazed over his fruitful little place, he experienced the pride of ownership and the joy and satisfaction of honest toil well rewarded.

In winter the settler was probably sitting by the fireside in the evenings while his mate was busy with the spinning-wheel. His plot of ground with a few domestic animals comprised all his earthly possessions. It was a life of freedom, contentment, and independence.

The early pioneers not knowing anything of the comforts and luxuries of modern times were content with their lot.

Health and hardihood which they possessed were the main requisites for happiness.

Not far from the clearing is a high boulder. However, contented a life may be, when surrounded by woods in a clearing creates a desire to see more of the world.

Very likely he climbed the high boulder and above the tree tops facing the rising sun, gazed over the wooded valley beneath. Facing toward the north-west, below as far as the eye can see are long stretches of farming lands, divided into fields, while the landscape is dotted with dwellings of various shapes and colors. Far in the background where earth and sky seem to meet is a long band of blue. It is the Blue mountains in the distance.

It is natural to believe that the settler and his wife spent many hours together on this rock in the summer evening resting from their daily toil, enjoying the scenery and listening to the voices of nature coming from the woods.

While sitting there in the evening shadows, they could see the moon rising above the tree-tops.

In the distance below was the dark wooded valley and above the bright starry heavens. In the dark valley below gleams a light. It is the light of an other settler on a farm. There is not a sound to break the stillness of the night, except the far-off cry of the whip-poor-will or the weird noise of the night frogs faintly coming from the dark valley below.

Likely on this rock while listening to the voices coming from the woods mingled with the despairing mournful cry of the night

owl, he meditated on the mysteries of nature and the problems of life.

Here at all times he had a greater perspective of life and the world. Naturally when his last days on earth were approaching and the time came for him to mingle his body with the elements it was his desire to be buried near the rock. There is where his lonely forgotten grave is today, in the wilds, among the rocks and bushes on the highest point of land above the surrounding country.

Another resting place for a member of the family is toward the east end of the c'earing where years ago a path led thru the woods to the clearing. At the present time the path is overgrown and some where in the wilds lies all that remains of the Somsels lone and forgotten to the world.

But the Somsels had not lived in vain. Many years later the benefits of their toil expended on the clearing were reaped long after the owners disappeared.

The clearing for years became a free pasturage for the family cows of the villagers. The way to the clearing led thru a winding stony lane, with shady trees along the fences where the morning glory vines were entwined along the way. In the early summer morn when the sun shone brightly and the dew was on the grass, the children of the village drove the family cows to pasture thru this lane. After leaving the lane they entered a road thru the woods, but as they approached the base of the mountain the way led up a narrow pathway which they followed to the clearing.

In the woods the birds were singing, the squirrels were chattering and all creatures seemed too busy and full of life to notice the intrusion of their homes.

Along the way the pink whip-poor will blossoms were perfuming the fresh pure morning air with their fragrance.

The air from the luxurious green woods seemed to impart strength and life with every breath.

To step from the pathway to gather the wild flowers was not without its dangers.

There were thorns and chestnut burrs strewn in the woods, and along the path. To step in one was painful and the offender often most difficult to extract.

Thru the woods flows a brook and as its clear water rushes over stony places, with mossy banks murmurs and flows merrily on.

The course of the brook in Summer lies thru a green dell covered with foliage. There once rare mosses and ferns unmolested found a safe abode. Once a year, however, they were gathered for decorative purposes and to gladden the hearts of children during Christmas and New Year.

In the woods in the pathway were two charcoal plots where in a former age charcoal was manufactured to supply furnaces before the use of coal came into existence.

In our time the lumber man is keeping the mountains closely trimmed, but neglects to move the debris.

The shady forest is replaced by young saplings sprouting from the stumps of their parents, whose dead branches lie among the thickets.

In the woods could be found medicinal plants, also wintergreen with its fragrant leaves and berries, but is now scarce and seldom found.

The journey of life is like the journey up the mountain.

We find the stony lane of struggle, the brook and shady dell, of luxury where we love to dwell, the wild flowers of pleasure the thorns to keep us in the narrow path, when we reach the end of life's journey we find at the edge of the clearing—the grave.

Now where the wild pheasant calls his mate,
And where the hare roams unafraid,
There tangled woods may be seen,
Where once were fields of velvety green.

There a family lived life's span,
And reaped their reward from the soil,
Made dear and sweet by care and toil.
For treasures will be to us sweet,
When struggled for when in need.

Before their spirits took their flight,
They lived and struggled then peacefully died;
And in the wilderness left a green spot.
Like an oasis in a desert hot.

May we while here an example take,
Their lives seek to emulate;
And leave in the world a cultivated spot,
And make it grow to a paradise

May we by the struggles we must face,
Leave the earth a better place,
Cultivate the Good that in us dwells,
The wilderness of mischief grows without aid.

PHILOSOPHY OF A TRAMP

On a warm and sunny day,
A tramp lay sleeping by the way.
Why don't you go to work instead
Of loafing in the shade I said.

The tramp kept lying in the shade,
And this is the reply he made;
"My wants are few for my fare,
I live on food men can spare.
I love to be in the open weather
The world and I are bound together."

"I ride on a car and breathe pure air,
Gaze on the world that's moving fair
Like an eagle over land I soar,
It is music to hear an engine roar."

"When the day is done and into the night,
The train speeds onward in its flight;
Colored lights in haste glide by,
Like glowing meteors in the sky."

"In the early morn at break of day,
I walk in a town along the way,
I linger near a sunny street,
And watch the people whom I meet."
And see
"Slaves of toil, slaves of fashion,
Slaves of habit, slaves of passion,
Better in rags without a care,
Free as the birds that fly in the air,
Then to break my spirit, and dwarf my soul,
By slaving in some dingy hole,
And become a drop in the sea of humanity,
Who toil and sweat to gratify their vanity."

"When the night comes on I'll long for rest,
In that car yonder I'll make my nest.
Why should I wish to sleep in a bed,
For that privilege I must toil and sweat.
My shoes I'll put under my head,
Use them for a pillow instead,
With my coat for cover lie down to sleep,
And let the stars watch over me keep."

"Some may scorn my place to sleep
Those who sow not will not reap,
Over loss I will not weep."
"For me this place seems rather damp,"
Said the ragged and weary tramp.
He rose from his bed and said "Good-day,"
Slowly along the road, he slouched away.

CAMP CRANE

The following lines were composed by the author in commemoration of the Re-union of war-veterans, known as Usaacs at the location of their training Camp known as Camp Crane in Allentown, Pa.

CAMP CRANE

If you are a Usaac and returned from the war,
Visit Camp Crane where you left years before,
The trees are in green this time of the year,
The sun shines bright and the weather is clear.
This spot you know I am fully aware,
It has been altered by the Allentown Fair.
Still you will find the open wooden gate,
But no one to challenge you if you are late.
So enter the gate, let your mind be at ease,
And rest in the shade of the old oak trees.
No more will you sail away from our shore,
Our Country is at peace, war is no more.

There still stands the spacious race, Grandstand,
Where oft' floats the music of a band.
On that lofty spot the soldiers once slept,
And at night were often by the wind swept.
Underneath they partook of many a meal,
After drilling it made them all better feel.
Some of the barracks are torn away,
Others are used for the county display.
The building that was once converted into a den,
Is again converted into a cattle pen.
In that pen rested many a weary head,
Where now fat cattle are being fed.
Many a snore, and many a sigh,
Came from the old whitewashed wooden pigsty.
It is not the pain of Death that brave men fear,
Nor yet Hell's torture that you hear.
But to break away from friendships tie,
And march away and say good-bye.

No epoch in the span of life,
Is greater impressed than a country's strife,
The discipline or the scenes of this fair spot,
By thousands over the country, will never be forgot.
This spot that you know and still hold dear,
Will soon be no more is the rumor we hear.
The green hills and valleys will always be the same,
They cannot be moved for money or gain.
So have one last view and picture in mind,
The picture in mind man cannot change or find.
In years to come when we are gone,
On a tablet of bronze engraved on stone,
Will be the roll of fame with many a name,
To mark the spot where lies Camp Crane.
Time will never the memory erase.

The feelings and experiences of this place.
The clouds of war, have all rolled by,
That once from across the sea did fly,
And brought feelings of evil-fore-bodings and gloom,
From where thousands were daily meeting their doom.

To this pleasure spot that was once Camp Crane
From every part of the country the soldiers came.
To receive discipline and daily drill,
To save life in war as well as to kill.
Many have had their last reveille,
And to the Camp have said farewell.
Many who answered their country's call,
Here slept for the last time on her soil.
Let's hope those remaining are marking time,
When they'll be marching in a body fine,
To this fine old military Camp,
With that vigorous steady tramp,
We'd love to hear that Usaac band,
Led by that slim major with baton in hand.
We'd love to hear their voices ring,
And to music merrily sing,
"Tenting on the old Camp ground"
On the old Allentown Fair Ground.

HUMANS FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF BIRDS

Near an odorous bone-mill lay,
A pile of bones along the way,
Of execution the martyrs died
To the feathered race a ghastly sight.
Of cattle, fowl, and various beasts,
Humans have their Christmas feast;
And of the feast it is the remains,
This is what the heap contains,
Bones of turkey, bones of geese,
And bones of fowl that live in trees;
Here a leg, there a thigh
Till it made a pile so high.

Upon a tree in the shade,
Sits a robin and his mate,
Me, they did not seem to see,
So I thought I'd quietly be,
Hearing them chatting in the tree.
Said the robin to his mate:
It is ghastly to behold,
It makes me shiver I feel cold.
To see the bones of our friends,
The turkey, the goose, and the hen,
Whom men feed and keep in a pen,
Deprive them of liberty,
And keep them in misery.
But I only mention the least,
The worst is this Cannibal feast.

It certainly must be a hell
To among such monsters dwell.
I have been truthfully told
By a sparrow that's very old,

That at their annual Christmas feast,
In the west and in the east,
These cannibals will savagely take,
A turkey, hen, rooster or goose,
And savagely their heads cut loose;
Then their naked bodies take,
And in an oven richly bake,
Our friends must be in a horrible plight,
And it is a sorry sight,
To see your father lose his head,
And see the warm blood flowing red,
And see his headless body jump,
Like a brother on the romp.

The mate replied,
Weep not dear mate, Your feelings control,
Comfort your mind, and your spirit console.
It is noble to die that others may live,
Martyrs are they who thus their lives give.
It is very shocking I am sadly aware
To see the pile, lying over there.
Of every bone there is a use,
It matters not the kind we choose,
The bones of browsing hungry cattle
Or humans that die on the field of battle,
Go back to the soil from whence they came,
And furnish food for the growing grain,
It is plain to me how we by it gain.

Said the robin:—
Humans in philosophy seek comfort for grief,
Your philosophy is consoling tho only brief,
Still I long for the power to give friends a wing.
To fly away and happily sing.
A wing of strength and of speed;
It is really their greatest need.

What a joy it would to them give,
Their lives then would be worthy to live.
They know not what it means to be free,
For they are sold in slavery.

Then I heard the mate reply,
With a mournful tearful eye,
What you have said is very true,
What the sparrow said is not new.
What can we expect of them,
Don't they kill their fellow men?
Far across the dark blue sea
A bigger pile of bones you'd see;
Skulls and leg bones,
Spines and thighs,
Millions till they reach the skies,
When they have their mortal strife,
They use poison, fire, thunder and knife,
These monsters that kill, and die over there,
Desolate the earth and poison the air.

Under the ground and in every breath
Lurks torture, despair, anguish, and death.
In their lingering pain they say,
They fervently and earnestly pray,
For Death who is a welcome guest,
Who brings them relief and happy rest.
And yet they seem mercy to possess,
I have seen them lovingly caress,
The turkey before he met his fate,
His death was not the result of hate.
Those of our friends who are left behind,
A swift and noble death they'll find.
While men are cruel to their kind,
They live for days in agony and pain,
In want misery darkness and rain.

Then said the robin to his mate,
"Why are they cruel why do they hoard.
Don't we always have our board?"
"Why do they kill, why do they war?"
"When treasures destroyed will be no more.
There is enough and plenty for all
Yet some are in want and others spoil.
We always have enough to eat
And we have a place to sleep."
A black-bird sad and pale with fright,
Alighted on the tree, in its flight.

Said the Robin,—
"Good-Morning, black bird why look you so sad?"
"How is your health? Do you feel bad?"
"Friend robin, I have a story to relate,
As you know well our family is large,
We travel in flocks, like an army at march,
We rest at night in dark leafy trees,
Crowded like a hive full of busy bees.
For our living we follow the milk laden cows,
Grazing in green fields where they arouse
The cricket, the grasshopper, and every tiny louse,
That tries to escape from that hot breath and cavernous mouth.
But from its grasp we are immune,
Misfortune in death is opportune,
We watch and wait, when insects reveal,
Their hiding place, we have a meal.

We are a benefit, and blessing to man,
Could they live in a world with insects overan?
All we ask is a place to sleep,
On that tear-drenched soil where humans weep.
When the Sun sank low at the end of day,
To the cemetery, our destination lay.

In hundreds we'd slumber in its leafy trees,
Below in the ground thousands of Humans sleep.
Happily at twilight—the end of day,
In the tree-tops our children would play.

But in those dark shadows a city man said,
'These birds in the city,
make an awful noise,
They are a black pest,
They give us no rest
Worse than unruly boys.
Of these black-birds,
I can see no earthly use,
We should promptly begin,
Their numbers to reduce.'

One summer evening, at twilight,
Hundreds of us, were put to flight.
As we heard a crash, and guns roar,
My comrades fell, and knew no more.
On the trees, man wreaked revenge,
They killed the leaf and killed the branch,
The suffering trees are standing there,
With pleading stumps, stretching in the air.
You see robin, I am black,
Is it the cause why they hack,
At our numerous family,
Sleeping on the cemet'ry?
It surely can not be the noise,
More is made by school-boys,
For which our friends forfeit their lives.

Why is that spot, for sorrow and tears,
A better life should lull their fears,
The philosopher, the patriot, and the dreaming bard,
Silently repose, in the grave-yard.

We disturbed not a one that therein lies
Nor have we seen one, from his bed arise.
Yet there is neither rest, nor is there any peace,
Not even in the silent cemetery trees.

The Robin replied,
When they are enlightened and from greed are free,
They will not kill no more than we,
There is nothing on earth they will not slay,
When you see them coming move out of their way.
Just then I stumbled and they had me spied,
Startled they stared at me in fright;
Upward they flew far out of sight,
Guiltily I looked upward to search their face,
But they were too high above my race.

LEHIGH MOUNTAIN

Composed 1921

On a warm day in early Spring,
I sweetly heard the robins sing;
I left for the Lehigh mountain to explore,
A deed I never accomplished before.
Thru the sappy budding woods I tread,
Eagerly enjoying where I was led;
Soon a vision came to view,
Of a miniature lake so blue.
In passing along the sunny bank,
The frogs performed on me a prank,
Of their presence I was not aware,
Till I heard a sound somewhere,
Giving each other the countersign,
One an other along the line.
"Gip", is the pass-word I heard them utter,
Before they jumped one after another,
Into the hazy water blue,
How deep I surely never knew.

I come to a birds nest, not far from the shore.
Built by a bird the year before;
It swings on a bush within my reach,
I was curious to learn what a birdie can teach.
It is a wise bird that is able to compose,
A nest on a bush the restless wind blows;
And in a wonderful nest to repose,
To protect the young birds from her foes.
The finest material is near the centre, of course
Outside the nest, material is coarse,
Composed of twigs and bark from grape vines,
Then a layer of fine roots, and grass more fine.

Among the twigs is an object white,
Hanging there for a year so tight.
It is part of a paper brought by wing,
A message rarely birdies bring.
It was a speech a Senator had made,
In favor of the League of Nations so great.
It is all now very plain to me
After the speech the birdie did see,
Why she not her nest did feather,
To withstand the stormy weather,
With anything so crude and coarse,
And placed it among the twigs, of course,
Use can be made of everything you see,
No matter how useless it seems to be.

The authors of the League are thrown from the nest,
And now the League has gone to rest.
In hunting material for a nest,
Let the birdie choose, she knows best.
And remember in building a nest
Trust the Eagle, who knows where it is safest and best.

THE BUTTERFLY

As I walk thru the woods
I see in the sun,
A beautiful butterfly
How I'd like to own one.

Gracefully, with her purple wings
She fans the sunny day,
Pleasure to the eye she brings
Like a model on display.

I note it is a species rare
I have a desire to trap,
To catch that ornament sitting there,
I quickly used my hat.

To carry my struggling prisoner
I had to use my dome.
I decided on my cigarette case
To carry my prisoner home.

I carried her safely to my room
And there I left her free,
She recovered from her prison life
And pretty soon I'd see.

How she loved bright lights,
And was as flighty as could be
As if the light bulb were a flower
And she a busy bee.

Fearing she would soil her wings,
I turned the light to night;
And now she reflects on many t'.ings,
While thus deprived of sight.

It happened on the 21st of March,
When I caught the butterfly at large,
The next day snow flurries in the air,
Warned the butterfly to beware.

She basks in the warm sunshine of my room,
Not knowing outside she'd meet her doom;
Yet persistently restless and trying to escape,
She tries thru glass her way to make.

Nature is cruel to her children it seems,
To lure them in the bright sun beams;
To promise them sunshine and fragrant flowers
In a land of budding tress and leafy bowers.

To leave them in a land naked and cold,
A land of suffering and tears untold,
And strand a beautiful butterfly so fair,
Not made for a land with snow in the air.

A MOUNTAIN JEWEL

On the rugged Lehigh mountain,
Flows a stream from a fountain;
Where men struggled years before,
To mine the yellow iron ore.

The heavy iron ore they sold
And turned the ore into gold,
The iron ore was carefully raked,
And in the mountain a wound was made.

Kind nature alone and not perturbed,
Healed the spot that man disturbed;
Nature her wonders, never performs in haste,
Never destroys and never wastes.

She in time has given her reward,
And adorned the mountain for our sport;
With a jewel rare and fine,
As compensation for the mine.

If the mountain you should view,
You'd find a turquoise lake so blue,
Where she also loves to make,
A happy home for her children's sake,

The frogs there croak in the silent night
In daytime the nimble fishes bite;
It is a most lovely sight,
Near its banks I love to abide.

THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD

I came in the woods to a deserted home,
All that remains is a pile of stone.
An old cherry tree at the corner stood,
Many joys he brought to childhood.
He protected the cottage from the storm
As he stood there many years forlorn.
Alone he fought the battle with Time,
But now has fallen out of line,
And lies over the ruins of the cottage there,
The very picture of woe and despair.
The fallow ground the wild has seized,
And planted the yard with growing trees;
The evergreen pine tree still is there,
His branches still wave in the air;
He rears his head above the wild,
His presence made happy many a child,
Now he stands alone and forgotten
Where the families' feet have trodden.
How he could a story tell,
If only in him speech would dwell.
His trunk now is rotten and hollow,
No doubt he soon will follow,
The cottage, and the cherry tree,
Lying on a pile to be,
Converted to the hungry soil,
Not with effort or with toil.

Look over yonder the grape vine there,
Once protected with loving care,
On a bower her vines reclined,
To bring forth fruit in the sunshine;
But her friends are in the ground,

Once sturdy solid and sound;
Alone she was left in neglect,
No one to her life protect,
Alone to fiercely struggle or die,
Or with the wild a friendship tie.
And now by hardships she has won,
Her rightful place in the smiling sun,
That tree beneath her is struggling still,
Supports her vines against his will,
It seems unjust and hardly fair
But the tree never any fruit would bear.

THE ROOSTER AND THE GANDER

It was the month of May,
The night was warm
When the sun rose in the East;
But mother's bread near the stove,
Rose with Magic Yeast.

The roosters were crowing loud and clear,
And waiting on the Sun,
Would their masters never get up,
No! Not a blessed one.
But when the Sun and rooster met,
The Sun was happy and gladly said,
"My friend you are an early bird,
Your greetings I have often heard,
You are eager to a living earn,
To the early bird belongs the worm."

"Yes, I have often heard that howl,"
Said the proud industrious fowl;
"But tell me who a living earns,
Is so very fond of worms.

Surely my hen wouldn't leave her nest,
For a worm that I loathe and detest.
Believe me I'm impatient and would rather,
Scratch fight and a living gather."

While we are shut in this pen,
There is no chance for me or my hen,
I hail your arrival in this way,
So the village will know it'll soon be day."

His master 'rose late and came to his rescue,
He opened the coop and out the rooster flew.
In the meadow on a stack of hay,
And looked down with contempt,
On a gander that day.

Of his high position
He was very proud,
He crowed very often,
And crowed very loud.

"You poor silly goose,"
To the gander he said,
"Like a frog on your feet,
You have a web."

"Without any spur,
And without a plume
In a fight
I can see your doom."

"You cannot scratch
And you cannot fight,
In a suit of white,
You are a fright."

"For your wings,
I wouldn't give a rap
Of what use are wings
That only flap."

You cannot handle
One who is rough,
For your protection
You throw a bluff.

"A harsh sound,
With your voice you make
You stretch your neck
And hiss like a snake."

"You web-footed freak,
I bid you, So long!
Go to the frogs,
Where you belong."

Now the lowly gander,
Never held a position high,
And detested a country,
That was always dry.

So he silently goose-stepped,
Away to the pond,
Of wet refreshments
He always was fond.

When he came to the pond
He heard cries of distress
From a young chicken,
With a wet dress.

It was a young flapper,
That flapped like a bird,
In the shining water
By a mirror was lured.

It could not fly,
And it could not swim;
But was calling loudly
For father to plunge in.

While it called loudly,
And felt very sore,
The rooster stood helpless,
On the dry shore.

With his plumes and spurs,
And voice so clear,
He did not know how
To save his child so dear.

He knew very well,
How a rooster to trim,
But never was able
To learn how to swim.

In great humiliation
A plea he made,
For the gander to come
To the chicken's aid.

The gander like a hero true,
With a graceful glide,
Over the treacherous water blue,
Swam to the chicken's side.

He helped the chicken to the bank;
The rooster was filled with joy.
He gave the gander many a thank,
Who could swim like a boy.

"Before you leave," the gander said,
"I wish a word with you.
To save a life you can bet,
That I know how to do."

"That I do not scratch for a living,
I heard you lately accuse,
My feet, surely are not handsome,
But you'll admit they are of use."

"I make my living with my head,"
To prone the assertion true,
He placed his head beneath the water,
And soon his head withdrew.

In his bill he held a bug,
With joyfulness and pride
Presented the bug to a duck,
Swimming at his side.

The duck now her thoughts expressed,
And thought them very wise
The saved young chicken, she addressed
And gave her this advice.

"Chickens shouldn't near the water go,
Before they learn to swim,
Danger in the water lies,
A mirror lures them in."

The boasting rooster's pride was hurt
He felt it very keen,
On the fragrant stack of hay
He now is seldom seen.

Among the assembled barn-yard flock,
To the geese he is a laughing stock.
To the hens he is a cruel shock,
The boasting rooster doesn't mock.

THE JOURNEY ON EARTH

Like a tiny flea sailing on a balloon
I travel on this sphere,
I gaze and wonder at the stars and moon,
And fight my battles here.

It matters not if I storm and fume,
And shout till I am hoarse,
The earth will travel just the same,
I cannot change her course.

If I seek to leave this moving sphere,
And jump outward into space.
The Earth holds me by a rubber string,
And pulls me to my place.

If I know all about the earth's creation,
And to other worlds would fly,
Tho' I know the mysteries of Revelation,
Not that way does my journey lie.

It matters not what books I've read,
On this revolving sphere.
What matters is the life I lead,
While I am staying here.

When I have learned to suffer and weep,
And am no longer gay,
Earth rocks me on her breast to sleep
Then I am on my way.

THE ALARM CLOCK

I own an alarm clock that's faithful and true,
Every morning while I sleep she has an errand to do.
To arouse me from slumber, when it's time to get up;
She calls me not gently but is very abrupt.

How sweet is that last cozy minute of rest,
Just before it is time to roll out of the nest,
But I call on my will, and out of bed spring
And stop the alarm-clocks clattering ring.

When all is silent in my bed room,
Out of the darkness out of the gloom,
Comes the gentle sound of her tick,
Regular, as music measured by a stick.

She is more useful than ornamental, as you may see,
Her life of service endears her to me
Her face is plain, she is fully aware,
With her hands before her face on the dresser over there.

Still I love to gaze on her big honest face,
As she ticks away the time, in her old nickel case.
She has been knocked from chairs is battered and old
Yet is dearer than a watch in silver or gold.

AUTUMN

Autumn dressed the woody hills,
In various shades of brown,
And pleasure to the eye it brings,
Before the leaves come down.

The whip-poor-will no longer sings,
His melody in the night,
The cool wind whispers to the leaves,
To leave the trees in flight.

The frost now covers the wild grape-vine,
And gives the grapes a thrill,
The grape-juice from the wine-presss flows,
For the owners' dripping Still.

That dandelion blossom defies the frost,
Without a lucky star
'Twas born too late to bring forth seed.
Its head is bowing now.

Bountiful Autumn! your bracing air,
Will surely make us glad,
Departing Summer, with joyful dreams,
Is leaving lovers sad.

Good-bye, dear Summer, those moon-light rides,
Lovers miss them so,
The shady trees and country lanes,
Will soon be covered with snow.

When Winter comes and brings a chill,
And we know not where to go,
For warmth we soon the chairs will fill,
In a movie-show.

OLD KING TUT

Three thousand times this merry globe,
Has waltzed around the sun.
With what's left of Tutankhamen
All in bandages done.

In Egypt where kings made their pile,
Of good things he had the best,
With roses gathered from the Nile
He was laid away to rest .

Old King Tut was a man so wise,
Of the arts he made good use,
In a golden sheath his body lies,
Like a golden covered tooth.

Peacefully he slumbers in his mould,
But Time will steal and Time decays,
If Time will steal that body old,
We still will have his golden case.

PART II

IN PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN

DER JAEGER UN DER BAUER

En Shpiel die Shtory

In Philadelphia hot mol en Man gelebt wu wenich in's Land kumme is un war ungelehrt von de Nadur von wild Lewe wu lebt im Busch. Grad so wie es Leit hot im Land wu net fiel wisse von Lewe in'ere grosse Shtadt, so war en unbekant von Lewe im Land.

Weil er en fleisicher Man war, gebore un ufg'brocht in de Shtadt un regelmasich an de Ariwet war for sie Familia erhalte, hot er wenich Gelegenheit g'hot fer bekant zu ware von Lewe im Land.

Nau sei Nochbar war en Man wu en Name g'hot hot as en Jaeger.

Alle jag Zeit is er jage gange un hot Haim g'brocht Hersh, Haase, un anere wild Dhiers as er g'shosse hot.

Mol ai Dag sagd en Schaffman sei Fra', zu ihn, "John worum kanst du net a' jage geh un Hersh haim bringe wie unser Friend. Dan antwortet ihre Man. "Er hot en Hund for jage ich hab ken Hund for jage." "Wan es nothwenich is fer en Hund zu hawe fer jage den kansht du glei griege. Im Dhiere-shtore hot es alle sorte Hunde." sag'd die Fra'.

Der John hot gemaind es werd en guder Blan. Den naechste Dag is er an der Shtore gange wu sie alle sorte Hunde g'hat hen, a' Voegel, Monekys, Babegoie, un anere Pets.

Nau der Shtore-keeper hot en Jaeger Hunde g'wisse awer es ware al Haus-hunde. Der Jager hot genunk gewissd von Jage as sel net die ort Hunde ware fer Hersh zu jage.

No secht er zum Shtore-man. "Host du ken Hunde fer Hersh jage." "Yo." sag'd der Shtore-man sell hab ich a'." No weist er ihn en grosser Shepherd wu er arig lobt as en Hund fer Kieh zu dreiwe.

Der Jaeger denkt, wan d'r Hund gud is fer Fieh dan is er a' gud fer Hersh jage. Er ka'ft der Hund un gehet Haim.

Mol ai' Dag packed er sie Flint un mit sein Hund, shteigt uf en Drain g'bound fer der Lecha Berig im Lecha County.

'Sis ihn g'sad were das in Lecha County werde Buffalo, Hersh, Haase, un es werd en wild Land.

Wie er an der Lecha Berg kumme is mit sein Hund dan shtolbert er uf en Berg rum un hot nichs a'g'drufe zu schiesse.

Der Hund is a' net im Busch rum gange un g'sucht, awer is just hinnich sein Maeshter noh g'loffe.

Selle Weg sin sie im Busch rum geloffe shier den ganse Dag. Gege Owet kumme sie an en Bauerei an End von Busch. Eb sie dort ware is der Shepherd von sein Maeshter g'shprunge dorich der Busch. Der Jaeger hot net gewissd was es gewe hot mit 'en Hund, awer hot g'denkt er dhet gewiss glei ebbes uf jage.

Es war g'shene 'as 'en Bauer sei Fieh net weit weg ware im en Feld. Der Hund sehnt en Kalb debei un fangd a' es Kalb im Feld rum jage.

Es Kalb is noch en Busch g'shprunge, un wie es dorich die Hecke gehet hoert der Jaeger es gehich ihn kumme. No denkt er, der Shep is doch en guder Hund un ich hab gemaind er werd nichs werd fer jage. Es hot net lang g'werd sehnt er es Kalb dorich der Busch shpringe.

Er hot g'denkt, richtich do kumt en Hersch un der Shep hinne noch. Er ziegt die Flint in de hoeh un schiesst es Kalb.

Wie der Bauer es g'hoert hot grache von de Flint un es G'blaff von Hund geht er naus in der Busch un find es Kalb dot un der Man un Hund debei shteh. Der Bauer boes greisht, "Fer was shiesht du mei Kalb!?"

Kalb? sagd der Jaeger "Des is en Hersch."

Hersh! greisht der Bauer. Kansht du net der Unershiet sage zwiche en Kalb un en Hersh?

Un fer jage zu geh mit en shepherd Hund!

En Kalb kan en Kuh ware, en Jaeger kan en Kalb ware, awer en Shepherd Hund kan ken Hauns ware.

"Nau," sagd der Bauer "ich forde von dir das du des Kalb mir bezalshd,"

Der Jaeger bedenkt die Worde en Minut un secht, "Ich bezal dich fer alles as es Kalb werd is wan du mir es Kalb ferkaft's'hd.

"Fereinichd," Sagd der Bauer, Sell war die Schuld as der Jaeger noch Philadelphia kumme is mit en Kalb.

Sei Fra' war shtols mit ihn. Sie hot net der Unershiet gewissd zwiche en Hersh un en Kalb. Just e'mol war der Jaeger ferwickld. Wie die Fra' g'frogt hot wu en Hersh sei Horner werde, secht er, "Es is en junger Hersh die junge hen noch ken Horner." All die Worde was gange sin zwiche en Jaeger un Bauer mit seine Friend is in dem G'shpiel wu der Jaeger der Bauer a'dreft in Lecha County.

ES SHPIEL DER BAUER UN DER JAEGER

Characters von Shpiel

Bauer ..... Shtengel
Nochbar ..... Blanser
Knecht ..... Melker
Jaeger ..... John Townsboy

Des Shpiel brauch ken dheüeri Scenerie. Die Stage sot g'decorate sei mit welshkern Shtengel, un en Fass mit en Shpunde fer en Cider-berl.

Fer Costumes brauch ma Iwer-hose, bauere Hiet oder anere bauere Glaider.

Curtain Ufgang

Der Knecht un en Bauer sei Nochbar der Blanser sin am Cider drinke.

Der Knecht sagd,

"Der Cider kumt von de alde Mühl,
Wu shtet an de Crick im Dhal;
Iwer's Rad schiesst klor Wasser kiel,
An de Mühl wu Ebbel mahld."

"Ich bin hie g'fahre mit 'e Load,
In de Morge Duft,
Mit Ebbel wu ware siess un roth,
Der Cider is 'n Lusht."

Enter Farmer Stengel—"Well, Buwe wie is der Cider?"

Knecht Melcher—"*Gud*"

Nochbar Blanser—

"Der Cider der hot Shpunk un Kraft."
Er is wild un er is jung
Er fühld as wan er lewendich werd,
Er kitzeld mir die Zung."

Stengel—

"Im Herbst legt ma' Cider ei,
Frühlings is fer blanze,
Heit hen mir unser Feierdag,
Mit singe un mit danze."

"Gud leb ich uf de Bauerei,
Mei Kinner in de Shtadt;
Leer kumme sie hie uf b'such,
Sie gehne foll un satt."

"Ich b'such mei Freind meile von do,
Wohl lewe dhail im Town;
Wan's zeit is fer Haim zu geh,
Ferlosse dhun ich gern."

"Wan die Uhr im hoche Tern,
Glubd die gemesse Zeit,
Im Land zu meine Bauerei,
Fleige die Gedanke weid."

"Wan die Ebbel zeitich sin,
Un falle von de Baim,
Dan denk ich an's leer Cider-berl,
Wu leid al ai de Haim."

"Wan's geel Welshkern is g'basht,
Die Reife bringe Schloff,
Foll mit Cider is sel Berl,
Wu leid so kald im Hoff."

ALL ZUSAMME CHORUS.

Dan nem mich an sel Cider-berl,
So foll mit Froelichkeit,
Ich un du un noch en Kerl,
M'r hen 'en gude Zeit.

"Wan ich nau sell Berl dort sehn,
Mit glore Ebbel-brie,
Des drink ich liewer wie Champagne,
Sis g'flavored mit Winter-grie."

"Die Mishple falle von de Naescht,
Die Hald sie losse geh,
Die Haase hucke fesht im Nesht,
So warm sin ihre Bai'."

"Wan im Winder en Freind host bei d'r,
No geh m'r in der Keller,
Un hohle 'n Pitcher foll mit Cider,
Un Ebbel uf 'n Deller."

No es mir Ebbel im warme Haus,
M'r neme grosse Biss;
Un shenke seller Cider aus,
Bis 'r g'drunke is'.

' N Schuss hinich de Stage—Bang!

Stengel—
"Horich! Seller Man hot meiner sechs mei Kalb g'shosse. Nau will ich awer—

Enter Jaeger Townsboy am Shtern drickle mit en Shnubduch.

Jaeger,—
"I got that deer alright."

Stengel—What! A deer! You shot my calf.

Jaeger—Calf! This is not a calf it is a deer.

Stengel—It is a calf but it is going to be a dear calf. Where are you from?

Jaeger—My name is John Townsboy; I am from Philadelphia. I was told Lehigh County was a wild country. A friend told me many kinds of wild game could be found here. Not only wild birds, but even buffaloes and deer were running wild.

Stengel—
We have the wild and we have the tame,
But the butcher for the tame, and the hunter for the game.
The wild and the tame, to you are the same
You are not a hunter, but butcher is your name.
For the calf you have shot this unlucky day,
I expect you know that you'll have to pay.

Jaeger—I will gladly buy the calf and send it home to my wife. She can't tell a calf from a deer and will be so proud of me.

Stengel—Agreed! You must learn a great deal about hunting. Never again go hunting deer with a shepherd dog. Can you speak Penna. German?

Jaeger—I can't speak it but I understand it fairly well.

Stengel—Good. Let us speak Penna. German. It would be better if you could speak it also.

Stengel facing Blanser sagd,—
"Do is en Man er dragt 'n Flint,
Un schiesst uf was er find;
Von jage wais 'r gor net fiel,
Net meh' as wie 'n Kind."

Stengel facing Hunter,—
Wan du naus gehst uf die Jacht,
Kum net uf's Land zu mir;
Mei Flint wilcomd dich un gracht,
Des will ich sage dir.

Uf's Trexler's Bauerei do sin,
Die Hersh un Buffalo,
Un alle Diers zaum un wild,
In Lecha hen mir do.

Im Jordan shtehn die Buffalo,
Uf's Trexler's Bauerei,
Im Summer gehne sie 'm Wasser noh,
Awer sin net frei.

Uf mein Land mit alles druf,
Bin ich Herr un Boss;
An mein Fieh do geh ferbei,
Un schiess ken Kuh fer'n Haas.

Jaeger—Your language I understand quite well,
A rabbit you name Haas;
I've seen and heard of different kinds,
But never shot Pan-Haas.
I've wandered about these rugged hills,
I rambled all around,
Tell me where I shall go,
Where Pan-Haas can be found.

Stengel—Ha! Ha! Do is en Man von Philadelphy fer Pan-haas zu schiesse in Lecha County.

Mei jaeger Friend, Pan-haas is ken Dhier wu lebt,

In Philadelphy hen sie en Imitation, Sie hais es Scrapple. Awer nem inacht was ich sag in English.

Good Pan-haas comes from Lehigh county,
None better in the nation,
The best of Philadelphia scrapple,
Is only an imitation.

Mei Fader mie Gros fader, ya—un mei Uhrgrosfader hen Pan-haas gemacht wie des Land noch en Wilderness war. Awer sag mir wer die Inventors ware von Pan-haas, oder Lotwerick. Niemand wais es. So geht's in de Weld. Fiel von unser grosse Pennsylvania Leit sin fergesse. Sie hen ken Monuments. Sie hen fiel Gudes g'dhu in de Weld wie sie gude Dinge g'lossed hen fer uns zu esse. Fer dir en Idea gewe von Pan-haas mache dan paint ich en Wörde-picture von de schlacht Zeit—es is a' die Pan-haas Zeit.

Der Butcher is do fer schlachte die Sei,
Sis frieh im Morge der Dag kumt glei bei;
Der Morge is kald un die Sei sin fet;
Un der schlacht Kessel hengt an de eise Ket.

'S Feuer unich en Kessel brumt un gracht;
Un schmeist die Helling weid in die Nacht,
'S unruich Wasser is ready fer brihe,
As der Butcher die Borshte kan ziege.

Nau kumt der Butcher un wetzt sei Messer,
Der Stahl is gud, es schneide geht besser;
No drinkt er noch en Glass foll Wei',
Un geht hertzoftich an die Sei.

Der Butcher geht un shtecht die zwai,
Ma' hoert sie greishe es dhut em weh;
Ma' gleicht sie lewendich un ma gleicht sie dot;
Awer geb mir shunge Flaish Wersht un Brod.

Fer middag Esse gebt es gude Sache;
Der Butcher is am Brotwersht mache.
Bessere were net g'macht bei Hand,
As der Butcher macht im Land.

Ainer is an Wersht-machine dreye;
Der Butcher dhut es Filsel shpreye;
Mit Karioner, Peffer un Salz,
Die Weibsleit schneide Schpeck fer Schmalz.

Es Schmalz is g'pressd der Owet kumt bei,
Die Wersht sin g'macht un sie sin fei'.
Der Butcher packed ei er is ready fer geh,
Die Familia kan butchere mit de Zaeh.

Sie breiche ken Hilf sie breiche ken Baas;
Sie hen n Breakfast g'hat von Pan-haas.
Noch finfe am Supper un Middag's noch Elfe,
Kan die Familia sich gud selwert helfe.

Die Fra' brauch net wunnere was zu koche.
Dorich die kalde winder Woche.
Es Schmalz is g'kocht aus de Griewe;
Sie hot Sei-flaish fer koche mit Riewe.

Richmasel g'kocht mit Sauer-kraut,
Is ains von de gude Dinge uf de Erd.
Der Land-Schaffman is en glicklicher man,
Wan er Pan-haas hot in de Pan.

Un uf en Garret hengt yord von yord,
G'shmokde Wersht von alle Ord.
Die Brot-wersht henge uf de Line,
Die Shunge henge an de Twine.

Im Keller sin die Grumbiere drin,
Foll mit Coale is die Bin.
Von eigemacht Sacht is foll der Shank,
G'cande Obsht is foll die Hank.

Sie hen von Esse was sie breiche,
Un bezahle ken koche Price;
Wan die Keld von Winder blost,
Un es regert kisseld un schlost,
Die Frucht in de Sheier is in Seck,
Frieh im Owet is er unich de Deck.
So war es mol in e' anere Zeit,
Mit hoche Price finshtd' es net Heit.

Nau mei jaeger Freind hab ich dir en Beishpiel gewe von Pan-haas mache., so das du waisht as es net en wilder Haas ist, Blanser was waisht du von Haase.

Blanser—
'N glainer Haas noch jung un dum,
Un arig unerfahre,
Hupst in de Weld fer en Lewe rum,
As wie er werd ferlore.

Iwer die Shtross chumpt der Haas,
Er sitz sich in der Grawe;
Un guckt von Wunner aus en Grass,
Mit grosse shtarre Auge.

Glainer Haas so weiss un brau,
Ich bin zu dir en Friend;
Ich dhu dir nichs was sag ich nau,
Behiet dich von en Feind.

Dan horich nau un shtel die Ohre,
Ich geb dir gude Roth;
Oder lebshtd' net lang, un gehst ferlore,
Un host en shneller Dot.

Wan der Fiend uf zwai Bai' kumt,
Ferlier ken Zeit un geh;
Nem en hocher langer Chump,
Un shnell dei hinnere Bai'.

Ich un die von meine sort,
Ich shem mich es zu sage,
Hen fiel von deine Briider g'mert,
An de Zeit fer jage.

Es hot wohl dhail von meine sort,
Wu kan ma' draue un glawe.
Ich kan net sehne in ihre Hertz,
Un kan dir's a' net sage.

Die Bletter sin brau uf de Hecke,
So brau as wie dei Hoar;
G'fahrlich is es in Fence-ecke
Im kiele Shpotyohr;

Hald dich von ain wu dragt en Flint,
Wan er weg is von dir weid,
Schleich aweg un shnell dich g'schwint,
No bisht du zimlich g'sheit.

Los ken Shpur in em Schnee,
Sie shpure dich wie' n Dieb,
Neshtle unich 'n grosser Shtai,
Wan dei Lewe is lieb.

Der Haas chumpt fort un horicht net,
Ferleicht is es besser so;
Er will ken Lewe von Druwel un lang,
Er lebt liewer kertz un froh.

Der Summer is rum sei' Zeit is uf,
Der Jaeger kumt glei rum,
Un gebt ihn en Schuss mit de Flint,
Un bartzeld der Haas um.

Jaeger—I have learned it is unlucky not to understand a language properly. A little education is something dangerous.

Stengel—Why?

Jaeger—Well, I will tell you, My neighbor an Englishman fell in love and married a Pennsylvania girl, who understood English but could speak better the language of her mother. Her husband could not speak her language at all. Soon after they were married and had the home furnished their troubles began.

It started this way; George, for that was his name, loved to lie in bed late in the mornings. It was necessary for his wife to call him several times before he got out of bed.

One morning his wife called up the stairway, "George, George," No answer. So she called again, "George get up sis hell dag." By this time George was awake and doubting his own ears, replied, "What!" His wife repeated, Get up sis hell dag."

He got up angrily and said "Are you calling me hell dog?" I am calling you because Sis hell dag" said the wife innocently.

Then the trouble began. He told her she never spoke that way to him before they were married and he was not going to be called hell dog.

Not understanding the cause of her husband's actions, the feelings of the wife were greatly hurt; and henceforth took shelter under the roof of her parents.

In the meantime George related the strange actions of his wife to a neighbor that understood Penna. German, 'Why"! said the neighbor your wife never called you a hell dog. She meant to say in English; George get up it is daylight."

He lost no time in hastening to the side of his wife and all was forgiven.

Stengel—Do kan ma' sehne was happend wan ma net fiel wais. Wan du widder noch Lecha County kumsht lern zu schiesse, lern zu jage, lern Penna. zu schweze, zu schreiwe un zu lese.

DER ROT LOEB

Wan ma' die County-map von Pennsylvania shtudierd, dan sehnd ma' das 'n Riegel weg im Lecha County von Alburtis ab sich nei biegd, un macht 'n Boge in Berks as wie 'n Fish-angel. Uf de Map am End von Weg is in Dubbe wu is benamd Rittenhouse Gap.

Dort hot die Nadur wie die Berge g'macht sin ware, odere von Eise hie g'dhu.

Wan ma' der Name, Gap hoert, dan gemand es 'em an Berige. Es kan ken Gap oder Dhal gewe une Berge, un Berge sin an selm End von County. Fer fier Meil von Alburtis ab is der Weg gelegd nufzuss dorich der Busch. Uf dhail Maps sin Bletz benamd an den Weg, wie Heinley, Garnder's, Wetzels, un Red Lion. Wan awer en unbekanter Man den Weg drawelle dhet un koemt an Heinley's, dhet er nichs finne as en alder ferfaulder Werft. Wan er nau noch weider gehngt dorich Busch un Boge rum bis an Gardner's dhet er nichs finne as 'n Brick wu die Shtross iwer der Weg geht. Am Reigelweg shtehne als noch paar alde faule Poshte wu mol n Werft war un en Side-track fer Mine eilade.

Sel un paar alde Mine-lecher in de Hecke is all as do is von Gardner's.

En Meil weider an den Weg is der Rot Loeb oder Red Lion. Un von den Blatz wol mir schwetze. Dreisich bis fierzich Yohre zurick war es en buisier Blatz. Wie als die Mines g'schaft sin ware in dare Gegend dan war es Rot Loeb Wertz-haus fol Miners wu dort g'board hen. Do ware Auslander von England, Scotland, Ireland un Deutschland.

Dhail von denne Miners hen Penna.-deutsche maed g'hiert, un heit lewe ihre Kinner un Kins-Kinner net weit von de Noch-barschaft, un schwetze Penna. deutsch so gud as wie die Eldshte.

Die History von den Blatz un die Mines is en lange Shtory an sich selwert. Der Schreiber will jusht von Rote Loeb schreibe noch en yohr 1890. Fer sellere Zeit wisse meh eldere Leit. Es original Rot Loeb Werts-haus shteht nime. Es war als en rot Frame-haus g'shtane net weit von Reigelweg. Nadürlich wun'erd ma fer was wer es Wertz-haus benamd Rot Loeb'oder Red Lion Hotel. Alde Leit hen g'sad der Wert het an rote Fra' gh'ot wu so boess gewessd werd. Wan die Miners als dorshderich gewessd werde oder hette geguckt fer Excitement hette sie g'sad, Wolle mol nuf zum Rote Loeb. Un es ledsht hot es Werts-haus de Name grickt der Rot Loeb.

Ich hab awer schon gewunert eb die Englishe miners net der Blatz g'dawft hen. In alde Zeite ware als die Wertsheiser benamd so wie, "The White-Swan" "The Black Cat" un so de gleiche. Ewen die Shtore hen Name un en Merick so wie en Bar en Loeb oder anere Merike g'hot. In London England is en ald Hotel von de yohre 1600 benamd Red Lion Hotel. Es kan sie as die Englishe, weil es Gebei rot war, es benamd hen Rot Loeb, or Red Lion. Shpoeter is en nei Werts haus gebaut were un es hot a' der Name grickt wie der Blatz Rot Loeb oder Red Lion.

Wie die Mines in Pennsylvania noch in Operation were dan war der Rot Loeb en grosser shipping Blatz von eise Mine. Dort war en Werft en fiertel Meil lang wu die Mine eigelade is ware in die Cars. Die Mine is hie 'gfahre ware un is a' bei kumme iwer die Berge am en Cable in Kiwel wu g'dumpd hot uf der Werft.

Die Mine-fuhre hen als die weche Shtrosse uf g'risse g'hot as die Redder in de Shpur g'loffe sin bis an die Nab.

Do is als der Fuhrman newe har geluffe mit siene sechs Geil mit en lange Gaishel in de Hand as g'guckt hot wie en Schwartze Schlang. Die Gaishel hot er als grache mache wie en Pishtol.

Wan als die Geil un Wage iwer die Blanke von Werft gange sin hot es als gemacht as wie der Sound von 'ere grosse Drum. Awer sel ware gude Fuhr-leit wu die Mine-fuhre g'driwe hen. Die Fuhrleit hen als die Geil so nachst am End von Werft g'fiert as em der Grissel aus gange is es Rad von Wage gengt driwer nuner.

Awer sis en Zeit kumme wu die Mines unregular g'schaft sin ware. Wan die Mines ruich geleye hen dan war wenich Business an de Werts-heiser un uf en Riegelweg.

Wan die Ingein aimols der Dag uf der Berg kumme is hot sie jusht paar Cars g'hot. Wan en demagradisher President drin war hot er die Schuld grickt bei de republickanisher Miners. Wan es en republicanisher President war dan hot er die Schuld grickt bei de Demagrade. Awer mit de Zeit hot es nichs aus gemacht war President war, die Mines ware ruich.

Dhail von de Miners hen als noch in de Gegend g'wohnd un geword fer die Mines uf zu shtarte bis Sie g'shtorbe sin. Anere sin fort g'zoge un ihre Lewe gemacht in anere G'shefte. Heit is alles Shtill an denne Mines. Es g'rabbel von de Gears die Seifts von de Mine-ingein, un die Shteam-peif hoert ma' nime.

An Rittenhouse Gap is nichs meh' as en zamme g'fallti Shtai mauer wu als en Crusher g'shtane hot un wu der Edison selwert dort war fer zu sehne wie sei magnetic Concentrator schaffe dhet. Die Mine Lecher sin fol Wasser. Wan ma' en Shtai nei schmeisst dan laud es in paar Secunde as wie wan ebber uf en Bass-drum schlage dhet in de Erd.

Nau wol mir zurick denke an die Zeite an Rote Loeb noch 1890 wie die Leit noch net "one half of one per cent" Beer g'drunke hen. Selle Zeit ware noch ken Automobiles g'drawelld iwer die Lans' Shtrosse. Die Wege ware gemacht von Dreck un Shtai. Im Summer sin die Leit fahre gange mit en Gaul un Buggy, entweders iwer Shtai oder dorich Shtaub. Am Rote

Loeb hot ma' im Summer nichs g'hoert as wie die Locusts in de Baem am greishe un die Sun sehne ihre Hitz an danze as wie en Shimmy-danzer.

Es hot die Leit schlaferich gemacht awer, die Hawer-leis han de zu g'sehne as die Leit wacher g'bliwe sin. No war a' die ald Mine Ingein wu alle Dag am fier uhr uf der Berig g'brumd kumme is. Wan sie nachst an die Shtrosse kumme is hot sie als g'blose, es hot wol die Leit fershreckt awer sie hen a no grad g'wissd die Zeit, so gud as wie wan die Uhr die Zeit g'schlage het. Die junge Kerls hen selli Ingein aimol der Monet mit de groeshte Froehte bewilcomd.

Es war wan der Beer-man von Catasauqua kumme is fer sei Bill collecte von Wert. Do hen ferleicht sewe oder achte dort g'hockt uf de Werts-haus Porch un gewort in selle shtaricke Shtiehl, un es war en Fesht zu ihre Auge wie der dick Beer man von de Ingein-cab g'shteïche is.

Es war Music zu ihne wie er an der Bar g'luffe is un hot g'sad "Buwe kumt hier un drinkt ains." Ma' kan sich forshtelle wie die Buwe g'fiihld hen wie sie en kald glass Beer g'drunke hen as g'kickt hot.

Nau do ware paar junge Menner im en Feld am Schaffe. Es war a' arme Schlugger un hen net so en Chance ferseime wolle fer Beer zu drinke, un hen sich awer a' g'shemd fer en Beerman fer jusht hie g'loffe kumme fer en Treat. No sin sie in die Bar-shtub g'luffe un zum Wert g'sad.

"Jake die Sei sin im Grumbiere-Shtick." Of course der Jake hot ken Sei g'aignd fer raus zu breche in's Grunbiere Shtick, un der Beerman hot sel a' net g'wissd. Wie der Beerman zu ihne g'sad hot "Buwe kumt a' hier un drinkt etwas", hen sie die Sei

im Grunbiere Shtick fergesse. In ainere halb Shtun' is die Ingein von de Gap kumme, sie hot ken Shteam gebreichd; fer fier Meile is es Berig nunner gange. Am Rote Loeb hot sie widder geshtopd der Beer man is widder in die Cab g'gradeld, die Ingein hot paar mol g'husht no is sie mit en Beer man der Berig nunner bis ma' nichs meh g'sehne hot von ihre wie sie in der Bush gedrehd is. Fer die Buwe war die Zeit zu kertz. Der Beer man hot es paar mol "ufg'setzt," awer war fort.

DER HUNDS JOHN

An denne Zeite sin als zwai Persone den Weg g'draweld wu ware bekant dorich's Land im County. Es war der "Hun's John" un der "Brille Schmidt." Sie sin alle zwai, yohre lang dot. Es sin heit noch fiel Leit wu lewe as wisse von denne Traweller, awer es hot a' fiel junge Leit as uf g wackse sin wu nichs wisse von denne Persone. Ferleicht froge sie, "Wer war der "Huns John" un der "Brille Schmidt?"

Der Huns John war en deutscher wu g'handeld hot in Hunde. Was sei rechter Name war glab ich net as ebber g'wissd hot. Niemand hot fiel gewissd von seine History. Un niemand hot sich drum bekimmert. Es is awer schaad as er un Sei Fuhr mit Hunde aus de Weld gange is une en Pictur defo. Die Weld hot en Masterpiece ferlore von Armmut do debei. Ich glab wan en Man so' en Pictur het, dan het er en Fortune. Er war g'glaid im en lange Rock un dicke Kap wu er geware hot Summers un Winders. Er war zu g'hoard un die Hoar hen alle Wege g'shtane. Wan er g'schwetzt hot dan war sei grosser Zah fanne im Maul g'hange wie en Grub-hack. So is er als newe hau g'loffe mit seine Hunde un alder Gaul un Deck-wage. Der ald Shprings-wage war bedecked un g'flickd mit alde Dicher. Sei Gaul war mager ma' hot die Ribbe zehle kenne. Es G'sher war g'bunne mit alde Dershtrick, un sei Hunde von fiel Sorte ware mager. Dhail von denne Hunde ware g'bunne hinne an der Wage, anere sin so mit g'loffe.

Die Leit hen alsfer, gewissd wan der Hun's John um der Weg war wan er en halb Meil ab war hen die Hunde schon g'blaffed. Do ware mol die Hauns un die Haus-hunde wu sich in en Zern g'blafft hen, Sie hen all net gwissd fer was as sie blaffe, awer ai Hund hot g'blaffd weil der aner g'blafft hot. Bei de Zeit as der Huns John mit seine Hunde de Shtross ruf kumme is as sie ihn

g'sehne hen dan is es ersht recht abgange. Des hot ariger g'laut as wie en Fox-chase. Do ware net jusht es lang g'brill von de Hauns awer die kertze yip, yip, un scharf g'blaff von anere Hunde. Dhail von seine Hunde hen awer der Mut ferlore g'hat. Sie sin unich en Wage fort g'loffe un sich nichs bekimmert was for a' geht. Ferleicht war es Hunde wu sich g'druweld hen weil sie ken Haimet g'hat hen.

Wan der "Huns John" als der Weg gange is don hen als die Hunde an de Hoff-fence der Rache uf g'risse as wie en Loeb. Wan ma' awer es Dhürli uf g'macht hot as sie naus g'kent hen dan ware sie bang fer naus zu geh. So is der Huns John als fer Yohre dorich es County g'drawelld. An de Creameries hot er als Milich Shlop, un ald Brod von de Becker grickt, fer sich, sei Hunde, un Gaul.

Wie die Mines an Seisholtzville nime am geh ware dan hot er sich en Haimet gemacht mit seine Hunde in de alde Ingein-heiser. Niemand hot sich bekimmert um ihn. Mol ai Winder wie es so kald war is en Man hie fer ihn b'suche. Wie er hie kumme is war alles ruich, er geht nei un find ihn im Ingein haus shteiff g'frohre.

DER BRILLE SCHMIDT

Es hot junge Leit wu iwer die Wege von County fahre in ihre Machine so shnell as sie nichs sage kenne von de Landschaft wu sie driwer fahre. Ich zweiwel eb sie ewen die Heiser inacht hen wu an Weg shtehne. Wan der Brille Schmidt noch lewe dhet, dan dhete sie an en Man fer bei fahre uf Foos mit en Satchel in de Hand, wu awer alle Haus gewissd hot un ferleicht meh bekant war mit de Shtrosse as ainicher Man im County. Mit den as er maniche Yohre uf Foos iwer die Wege gange is, dan war die Shtross sei Haimet, un er hot fermudlich sei Bletz an de Shtrosse g'hatte wu er als g'rugd hot im Schatte. Selle Zeit ware noch ken Automobiles fer en Man uf Foos zu shtabe. Es scheind net lang zu sei as er dot is awer wan ma an die Zeit denkt dan is es in de zwansich Yohre. Junge Leit froge ferleicht, "Wer war der Brille Schmidt?"

Eldere Leit wisse as der Brille Schmidt von Deutschland kumme is. Sei rechter Name hot er uns g'lossd as Paul Pfleugel. Er hot sei' Lewe net fiel g'sad von sich selwert un niemand as ma wais hot sich fiel bekimmert was er war in Deutschland. Was er war un was mir net wisse is begrabe ware mit ihn. Es hot gewiss noch von seine Freind im County wu ferleicht meh wisse von den Man awer mit de Zeit sin selle a' dot no is es nime lang bis ewen Sei Name fergesse is. Ich browier der Man beschreibe wie ich ihn gekent hab als en Bu.

In de yohre 1890 is er als g'drawelld iwer es County. Eb er gud bekant war in anere Counties als Berks kan der Schreiber net sage. Er war rot-g'sichtich, hot en brauner derby Hut g'ware, braune Suit, Schlup un Collar wu war mol weiss gewesst. Sei Haor ware lang un hot sie zurick g'ware; un mit sein braune Mustache hot er g'guckt as wie en Dichter von en hundred

Yohre zurick, oder en Combination von Bismark un en Geothe. Er hot de Leit Brille ferka'ft un Daaf-scheine aus g'filld. Sei Esse hot er grickt von de Leit wu er b'sucht hot. So hot er sei Lewe g'macht in de Weld.

Er war gud am 'Mole. Wan sei Friend ihn en Blei-pencil un Babier gewe hen, hot er oftmols in paar Minute en schoener Gaul mit Saddle un Reider gemold fer die Kinner. Er war alsferd uf gelebt un hot gebrowiert die Leit zu entertaine mit seine Nerrheite.

Er hot als en Englishe Zeitung genume un en langer Brief g'lese von John un die Mary am Blau Berig. Es ware al Dumheite wie er uf die Zeitung g'guckt hot un dhail Leit hen g'maind er dhet so ebbes aus de Zeitung lese.

Er war en guder Actor, awer mit den as er hoch Deutsch geshproche hot war er net so gud zu fershteh. Er hot mol gewisse wie Leit geweind hatte an 'ere Leicht. Er hot als sei Schnubduch an die Auge un g'heilt as wie wan er der Shlickser het. Wan er am heile war un hot es shier net raus g'brocht secht er. "Ich wunner eb er ebbes werd war." Er hot es so nadürlich mache kenne jeders hot lache misse. Ains von seine Werde ware oft. "Hans du gehsht in der Kashte." Well er is nau drin. Er hot niemols g'glabt oder sei Druwel ferzehld. Jusht aimol is er an en Blatz kumme der Man von Haus war g'baderd mit Rumatis. Er glabt zum Brille Schmidt von sein Aeland. Der Brille Schmidt sagd zu ihn "Sei zu freide du host en Haimet wo du ruge kanst. Denk mol an mich, ich bin allai un mus immer an geh sei." So is es in de Weld, jeders maind er hät der groessht Druwel. En anere Man sei Druwel maind ma' oftmols werd gor nichs. Ma' kan en jusht shpiere wan ma sich in sei Schu shtelt. Fer en Beishpiel, los en junger Man noch Deutschland geh un ins Grieg geh fer sel Land, wan der Grieg ferbei is los ihn allai uf de Shtrosse drawelle un Brille ferkafe bis er ald is. Ich glab er dhet oftmols an sei Freind denke in Amerika wu er nime expecte dhet zu sehne. Yohre is der Brille Schmidt allai

g'loffe, awer fer Kumpany un sei Lonesomekeit ferdreibe, nemt er en glainer Hund zu sich fer mit zu drawelle. Em Hundli sei Name war Roverli. Es hot en braune Farb g'hot, un war ebbes von en Spaniel. Die Ohre ware lang un zotlich, Der Brille Schmidt hot die Weld g'halde up sei Hundli. Er war mol an en Blatz mit sein Hundli, un wie er en iwer der Kop g'shtriche hot mit de Hand secht er zum glaine Hund, "Roverli, Roverlie, wie geht's uns noch in de Weld." Wan er als an die Zukunft gendenkt hot dan hot er g'sad. "Was war der Mensch, was is er, un was kan er noch ware." Noch ains von seine Werde ware, "In fufzich yohr is alles ferbei."

Es Roverli hot er g'traind, wan er ebbes fergesse hot dan is es Roverli hinne noch kumme un hot's im Maul g'hat. Er hot als g'macht as wie wan er en Zeitung fergesse het, awer sei Hundle is alsfer hie gange un hot's noch g'brocht wan er ferlosse hot. Awer sis en Zeit kumme wu der Brille Schmidt sei Roverli ferlosse hot misse. Mol ai Dag is es krank ware un is glei dot gange.

Dhail Leit hen g'sad es het ebber en Hund Gift gewe. Fer was wais ich net. Ich glab wohl as so Leit sin in de Weld. Es ware grosse Schmertze fer der Brille Schmidt zu sehne sei ainsichter gedreier Kumerad shtorbe un ihn net helfe kenne.

Wie er dot war dan nemt er der Hund unich der Arm, un wie die Droppe an de Backe nunner la'fe ware, geht er allai mit sein dot Roverli un sucht en Blatz fer es zu begrabe.

Land hot er kens g'aignd no grabt er es newe an die Shtross wu er Yohre gdrawelld hot. Wie es zu g'deckd war la'ft er widder allai un langsam mit en schwer Hertz iwer die Wege. Ich wais net hot er seinm Lewe sel Sing-shtick g'hoert, oder net, wu geht,

I am a pilgrim, I am a wanderer
I can tarry, I can tarry, but a night.

Seller Song hot ihn g'bassed. Wan er noch selm als der Weg gange is, dan war er weil an Roverli sei Grab. Er muss oftmols

an sei Jugend g'denkt hawe, un sei Freind wu er yohre zurick ferlosse hot in Deutschland fer immer. Er war en hoch g'lernter Man. En Shtudent as noch de Kutztown Normal School gange is dreft ihn mol a' uf de Shtross, Der Shtudent war am Ladeinish shtudiere, un hot glei aus g'fonne as der Brille Schmidt sei Lessons besser g'kent hot wie er selwert. Der Brille Schmidt hot en Merick uf de Shtern g'hot zwiche de Auge. Wie er g'frogt is ware wie er seller Merick grickt het, secht er, "Sabre Schnitt." Es kan sei as er der Merick grickt hot im en Duell im alde Land.

Es kan a ' sei as er en grickt hot in Sidliche-Greig. Die ledshte Yohre von sein Lewe hot er zwelf Dahler der Monet g'zoge Pension von Government. Sei zwelf Dahler hen als net lang g'last. Wan er als sei Pension g'zoge hot war er an en Land's Wertshaus un hot g'shmokd, g'drunke, un g'blaudert bis es al war.

Awer ' sis en Zeit kumme wu er die Weld ferlosse hot misse. Die Zeit war do wu es g'haise hot, "Hans du gehsht in der Kashte." Er is krank were un is noch en Arme-haus g'schickt ware in Lecha County. Dort is er g'shtorbe in 1902 un is fergrabe an de Huffe Kerich in Berks County.

Dort leid der Paul Fleugel von Breslau Germany, wu iwer es County g'drawelled is Daaf-scheine aus g'filld, Brille ferka'ft, un die Leit lache hot mache. Sei Kummerade in de G. A. R. hen ihn awer net fergesse. Er hot en Grab-shtai un iwer sei Grab schwenkt der amerikanish Flag. Er is fergrawe were mit militair Ehre. Es macht nichs aus was en Man is oder was er war uf dare Weld; im Grieg sin sei al gleich. Wan der Soldat fecht shulder zu shulder newich seine Kumerade dan frogt keiner was der Kumerad war. Er wais as es der besht Freind is as er hot in de Weld, un helft es Lewe bechütze.

Nau rugd der Brille Schmidt im en Land's Kerich-hoff in de Berge wu er oftmols ferbei gange is. Wan die Leit ihn al fergesse hen wu ihn g'kent hen un's lewe noch paar von seine Grieg's Kumerade dan wert es net fergesse, un sel is recht un schoe un wie es sei sot. Die Sun scheind uf en Brille Schmidt sei Grab, un wan der Wind blos'd dan schwenkt en glainer Flag iwer sei Grab. So geht's in de Weld. Unser Eldere kenne uns sage wu mir gebore sin ware, awer sie un die Weld kenne net weit fanne naus sage wie un wu as mir shtorbe.

DER BINE UF 'N BERIG.

Es is net weit von dreissich Yohr
'As ich uf n Berig war.
Die Natur is gleich in Mensch un Fieh
Hund un Katz oder feder Fieh,
Du nemsht sie fort oder losht sie frei,
En unsichtbare Gewalt zeigd sie bei.

Helling wu der Fader ist,
Von Aug wu net alles sicht,
In alle Natur wu ma' dich find,
Find ma' es Aug wie' n Kind.
Sin mir im Dunkel oder Dages' Licht,
E'n ewich Gewalt ferlossd uns nicht.

Was du sehnst bleibt bei dir,
Wie en Reel von de movie Pictier;
Berig un Dhal mit Baem grei,
Felder, Rocks un fette Kieh,
Heiser Hoff, grumbiere Shtick,
Shtross, Crick, un shtaine Brick,
War un is 'im Hern en dhail,
Wu g'hoert zu de Mensche ihre Seel.

Im Hern hab ich en Pictur uf de' Screen,
Wu dreht sich raus wie en movie Machine,
'Sis summer un die Sun scheind hais,
Hawi-macher die sin nass mit Schwaiss.
Es Grass im Schwam leigd in de Rawi,
Die Zeit is gud fer mache Hawi;
Ich shteh im Schwam Owets am siebe,
Un guck noch en Berig weit dort driwe.

Die Sun geht uner am Berig de hinner,
Fershlupt sich, wie die glaine Kinner.
Am Diehle Kop im summer shpot,
An de Gap 'sis Winders roth;
Un Yohr ei un Yohr aus,
Gehet die sun am Berig naus.

Hoch am Berig an de Mine,
Shtet n langer grüner Bine.
In Summer-Hitz un Winder-Keld,
Is der Baum grü wie 'n Feld,
Hoch sin die Nesht von den Bine.
Der Shtorm is sie groeshter Feind.

Allai un hoch is der Bine,
Awer dorum sehnt er weit;
Wan der Wind sie Nesht bedreft,
Seift, er in sein Lainichkeit,
Sei Shtam fer yohre is foll Kaft,
Un aus de grosse for hockte Kaft,
Lawft die wohlrichich Pine Saft.

Die Saft is en Baum sei Blut,
Gebt er fer de Miner ihre gut;
Fer zuheelen ihre Wund,
As sie griege unich 'n Grund.

'N hocher Man wie 'n hocher Baum,
Sei Lewenslauf is weit von zaum;
Ihre Lewe do is shtormich gleich,
Er is im Aug im ganse Reich;
Un shpiert der Wind von all de Leit,
As blose noch ihm nachst un weit.

Es Lewe von en grosse Mensch,
Wie 'n grüner Bine im Busch,
Sehnt ma' do uf meile weit,
Un werd bedracht fer alle Zeit,
Die glaine Baem die sin forshlupt,
Ihre Lewe ware net beguckt.

Leit sin shoe' un oft mols weisht,
Mit shoene Korper un weishte Mind,
Fielmols gross un doch so glai,
Mit grosser Korper un glaine Mind.
'N Man is glai un doch so gross,
Mit en glainer Korpe un grossi Mind;
Oftmols weisht un doch so shoe'.
Mit weishte Korpe un shoene Mind.
Glicklich is der wu hot
En shoener Korper un en shoeni Mind.

DER FREDDIE GEHWEIDER

Der Freddie Gehweider geht drei Meil zu de Maed.
Nuf uf der Berig zu de dick Kate.
Die Kate hot en Temper ihre Haor die sin roth,
Der Freddie gebt nichs drum Haim geht er shpot.

Der Weg wu er draweld is Berigich un lang,
Awer wan er Nacht's haim geht is er net bang.
Just ai' Nacht wie er haim geht von de Maed,
Un la'ft allai un denkt an die Kate,
'N Biskatz mit Hunger so schwartz as en Bar,
Lawft mit ihn an de Shtross newe har.

Er denkt des Dhier wu lawft mit mir uf de Erd,
Ich fang's die Haut is zu mir ebbes werd.
No schleicht er hie, un nemt sie am Schwanz,
Er hot hald awer hot sie net ganz,
Des Dhier used uf ihn en shrecklich Gas,
Der Freddie winsched er hat en Gas-mask.

Er habt sie unich 'n Arm un f'rt sie dragt,
Un zu de g'fangne Biskatz sagd,
"Alde Katz mei Suit is fersaud,
Awer griege dhun ich doch, dei schwartze Haut.
Shtaricker wie n Zwiwel bist du in G'ruch,
Was sage mei Freind wan ich sie b'such.
Mei Suit wear ich net fer geh zu de Maed,
Awer halde dhust du net, mich von meine Kate.
Ich zieg dich ab, Leit weare dei Haut,
Fer schonsht bist du nichs uf de Weld werd."

DIE COUNTY FAIR

Es Yohr is rum, die Fair is do',
Es Wedder is shoe 'die Leit sin froh;
Fiel Kinner hen mit Froehte g'wort,
Un fer die Fair ihre Gelt g'shport.

Fair Zeite fer Kinner sin rohr,
Sie kumme just rum aimols yohr;
An de Fair is Blessier fer grosse un glaine,
Junge un alde, weishte un shoene.

Confetti schmeisse Buwe un Maed,
Wan sie ferbei gehne am folle Weg;
An de Fair sin Gebeie mit Obsht un Fieh,
Hinkel, Sei, un fette Kieh.

Shoe' sin selli Maed nau guck e'mol hie,
Wie shoe' is es Obsht un wie shoe' is es Fieh,
Fer bedracht zu sei hen sie al ken Chance,
Mit en Madl wu smiled un lieblich glanced.

Was die Leit sehne browier ich zu sage,
Ich hoff ihr Leit dhune es glawe,
War noch net an de Fair war fer die,
Sag ich hertz oftich geh mol hie.

Im Fair-grund zu sei des shtel dir mol for,
Wan die Bletter farbich sin, im Shpote-Yohr.
Un der Wind blost iwer die Hawer-Shtubble im Feld,
Un lang brauch ma' net worde fer die Keld.

Ma' halt sich debei wan ma' net ferlore will sei,
Mir gehne nuf ans' Poultry-g'bei.
Dort sin Hahne wu laud sin am greye.
Un Hinkel wu Prize griege fer Oier zu leye.

Im Fair-grund sin die Fakirs an Meiler uf shpare,
Im Fieh-Gebei sin die Kelwer am blare,
Man un Fra', un die Kinner,
Begucke die Kieh, Kelwer, un Rinner.

Dort shtet 'n Crowd am watche die race Geil,
Es nemt sie net long fer zu shpringe en Meil,
Foll mit Leit is der Grand-Shtand,
Lushtich shpield die Allentown Band.

Guck mol dort driwe wie seller Man is am greishe,
Sie shtene dort rum wu ainer is am schmeise,
Noch selm Schwartze mit 'n shpotiche Lach.
Iwer dem grickt er mol ains uf's Dach.

Die groue Schquarl den ganse Summer,
Hen der Fair-grund g'hot dorich Rege un Dunner;
Nau hocke sie uf de Beam un gucke runner,
Un hore die Fair ihre mechtich Gedunner.

Sie kenne net fershteh fer was die Leit in de Weld,
Do hie kumme am Shpotyohr un shpende ihre Geld;
Sie hocke uf de Beam owich en Beer-shtand,
Un sehne die Leit wie sie ware g'drenkt.

Sie sage "Was sin des awer dorshteriche Leit;
Sie drinke yo Beer wie net g'sheit;
Guck 'mol hie war kumt 'aus de Dhür,
In de Hend sin Glesser foll shaumich Beer.

Er kumt nau un recht's ihne hie,
Sie nem es un drinke die bitter schaumich Brie,
Sie browiere zu lache un lushtich zu greishe;
Un denke an die Zeit wu sie not browiere hen breiche."

In alcohol per cent. is es Beer nidder.
Awer sis schaumich un als noch bidder;
Ferleicht werd der Schaum bei Law geregulate;
Er bringt de Leit als noch wenich Froeht.

Die Schquarl gehne nuf an der Restaurant Shtand,
Wu die Leit hucke uf hilsne Benk;
Zu de Schquarl uf de Baem fliegt nuf,
En abedidlicher Saur-kraut Geruch,
Der Schquarel sag'd,
"Seller hot's Maul uf von Ohr zu Ohr,
Was er ess'd last uns en Yohr;
Awer was die Leit esse do will ich ken Biss.
Except von selm sei Shtand mit g'roshte Grund-niss.

Den Owet wan's dunkel is neme mir en Pack.
Wan mir 'n drage kenne nem mir 'n Sack;
Mir misse Hawi mache wan die Sun scheind,
Im kalder Winder sin die Niss unser Freind.

Die Yohre gehne rum die Leit ware ald,
Im G'sicht sin Sorge, sei misse neme was fallt;
Sie kumme an die Fair as wie defor,
Die Fair hen sie g'sehne manich Yohr.

Es sin die Freind wu sie nau hoffe zu sehne,
Fer sell is as sie noch der Fair gehne.
Sie kumme noch de Fair, von Shtadt un Land,
'Sis 'n Re-union fer die wu sin bekant.

Sie drefe e'naner a' von nachst un weit
Un hen 'mol widder en herrliche Zeit.
Heit fergesse sie Sorge, un sin am lache.
Der Morge is shnell genunk do no sin sie am schaffe.

Der Owet kumt bei die Sun is nidder,
Die Freind winsche sie meete es nachst Yohr widder.
Sie drifte mit de Crowd am Gate zu naus,
Un hore weit leftich 'n menschlich G'raush,
Von de Leit die Music, die Horner, die Drum,
Sis nime lang bis die Fair is widder rum.

Wan sie 'n alder Freind g'sehne hen dan war's 'n Froeht,
Sie Fühle leichter am Hertz es schaffe leichter geht.
Sie lowe die Fair un sage's laud,
Die Fair war des Yohr g'wiss ihre Geld werd.

DIE INSCHE

Die Weld hot drei brauchbare Blanze as unbekant ware defor die Auffindüng von Amerika. Sie sin Grunbiere Welshkorn un Duwak.

Wie der weiss Man es ersht mol der Inshe sehne hot shmoke, hot er ihn von Wunner a' g'guckt.

Wie er der Insch g'frogt hot fer was as er es dhet, sagd er, "Es shtopd Müdichkeit."

Die Leit wu Duwak use sin ainich mit en Insch.

Der Man wu en Cigar oder die Peif shmoked noch en Esse wais was der Insch g'maind hot wie er g'sad hot "Es shtopd Müdichkeit."

Shmoke, oftmols gebt 'n Man 'n Fühling von Zufriedenheit eb er in geishtliche oder korperliche Schmertze is.

Fiel von unsere Soldate wu ware ferwund in Frank reich hen meh zufriede g'field wan sie g'shmokd hen.

WELSKORN

En aner werdful Korn is Welshkorn wu ma' grigt hen von de Insche.

War gleicht net seiss Welshkorn, 'Sis am beshte fer esse wan ma' sich eibildt ma' werd en Shquerl un hebt der Kolwe in die zwai Hend an es Maul un beisst nei.

Welshkorn is en Ardickl wu arig brauchbar is zu de Mensche un Fieh.

Noch en brauchbar Lebensmittel is die Grunbier. Die Deutsche bename sie Kartoffeln. Was dhete mir une Grunbier Ma kan sie so fiel wege zu rishte as ma' en Iems mache kan, uf Grunbiere un Brod allai. Maniche arme Leit helft sie aus de Noth.

Die nahrhafte Blanze, oder die wu en Mensch Trosht gewe, wore frem zu de Leit in de alde Lenner eb des Land g'funne war bei Columbus un die Explorers.

Niemand wais wie lang as Grunbiere, Welshkorn un Duwak g'raisd is ware in America eb der weiss Man do war. Awer der weiss Man hot net selle Zeit un dhut a' net heit sehne as ainiche von dene Blanze wild wachse.

Eb es Duwak, Welshkorn, oder Grunbiere, sin es muss fershtane sei fer's zu bauere.

Der Grund muss luk g'halde sei un Sie dorfe net fiel Schatte hawe.

Ungraut muss aus en Feld g'halde ware wan es wachse sol un Sume gewe.

Der Burbank sagd das al unser Gemiis so wie Redich, Riewe, Zwiewele, un so fort werde al mol wild g'wackse in unershitliche dhail von de Weld, awer fiel glener un net so gud wie heit. Es hot dausende Yohre von Baure genume fer sie so gross zu bringe.

Wie fiel dausende Yohre wore die Insche am bauere bis die Grumbier un es Welshkorn so gross war.

Der weiss Man hot es von ihne genume un hot's ferbesserd.

Wan ma' denkt wie Armselich as die Insche ware fer im en Busch zu bauere, dan is es en Wuner as die Blanze net aus g'storbe sin. 'Sis en Wuner 'as sie genunk Welshkorn un Grunbiere g'hat hen fer Sume.

Do ware grosse Hecke, Bish, un Wurzele im Grund un sie hen nichs g'hat als 'n Shtai oder en Sharifer Shtecke fer bauere.

Die Insche hen nichs g'hat as Zelter, doch hen sie die Grunbiere g'halde as sie net ferfrore sin. Un es Welshkorn is a net ferderbe un war drucke bis es nachst Yohr fer blanze. In de Schule is ma' als gelernt ware das die Insche hatte just gelebt uf Jage un Fishe. Die Insche hen ken Fieh g'hot fer zu fiedere un hen net so fiel Welshkorn g'breicht. Sie hen a ' net g'bauerd fer ihre Products zu ferkafe. Es Land war net dick bewohnd bei ihne, awer es scheind as wie jader von de Insche, wie die Weisse, genunk g'hatte hen zu esse von bauere Lewesmitl.

Die Weise hen als g'sad " 'Sis jusht ai guder Insch un sell is 'n Doter." Es hot gude un schlechte unich ihne g'hat, wie es hot unich alle Klass Leit.

Los uns net fergesse as sie die Weld net felosse hen une die Weld ebbes gebat. Wan mir Seiss-Welshkorn, oder Grunbiere, esse, oder use Duwak los uns net fergesse as mir die Ardickl net hatte wan's net gewessd werd fer die Insche wu do gelebt hen dausende von Yohre eb mir do ware.

Awer wu sin sie? Wu sin ihre Kinner? Sie hen ihre Land niwer gewe zu em Weisse. Awer net freiwilich. Sie hen g'fochte braflich fer ihre Land.

Die Weld hot net fiel Speeche von de Insche un ich glab es sin gor kenne g'setzd in Pennsylvania Deutsch. Dorum dhut der Schreiber, en Insch bei en Name Witherford, sei Speech fersetze in denne Schproch. Wer war der Whitherford?

In 1814 ware die Creek Inshce am fechte mit unsern Land. Der Haupt man von de Insche war en Man bei en Name Witherford. History sagd net war ihn en weisser Name gewe hot.

Ma' wisse just as er der Grieg ferlore hot. Die noch Folge ware alsferd gleich. Sie hen ziege misse.

Unser Armee war unich 'n General Jackson wu nochdehand President is ware. Der Jackson hot en Witherford, Word g'shickt er sol sich iwergewe.

Nau kumt en Witherford sei Speech, der antwort zum Jackson.

WITHERFORD'S SPEECH

Ich bin in deine Gewalt. Dhu mit mir was du wid. Ich bin en Soldat. Ich hab de weisse Leit al der Schaade gedhu as ich g'kent hab.

Ich hab sie g'fochte un hab braflich g'fochte. Wan ich en Armee het, dhet ich als noch fechte, un fechte bis zum ledshte. Awer ich hab keni; mie Leit sin al fort. Ich kan nau net meh dhu as heile iwer die Ungelicke von meine Nation.

Ai' Zeit hab ich als mei Soldate bewegund zum Kampf; awer ich kan net die Dote lewendich mache. Mei Soldate kenne nime lenger mei Schproch hore. Ihre Knoche sin an Talladega, Tallushatches, Emukfau, un Topeka.

Ich hab mich net g'fange gewe unbedenkt. So lang as Chance do ware fer g'winne hab ich nie net mei Poste ferlosse oder g'bid fer Friede. Awer mei Leit sin fort, un nau frog ich es fer mei Nation un mich selwert. Uf die Elende un Unglicke g'brocht uf mei Land guck ich zurick mit de schwerste Trauerichkeit un winsch zu ferhiete als noch grossere Unglicke.

Wan ich gelossd war ware zu shtreite mit de GeorgianArmee dan hat ich mei Welshkorn g'bauert uf ain Ufer von Rewer un sie g'fochte uf 'n anere. Awer dei Leit hen mei Nation fernicht. Du bist en brafer Man. Ich ferloss mich uf dei Freigebichkeit.

Du dusht ken Terme fodere von iwerweldiche Leit, awer just soiche wu sie annehme sotte; welle as sie sei mage es wurd nau Nerrheit un Dumheit sich degege shtelle.

Wan sie degegeshtelld ware dan findsht du mich unich de shtrengste zwinger von Bevolge. Die wu als noch aus halde dhete, kene just 'n Eifluss hawe bei en boesser Geisht von Revenge; un zu des misse sie net un solle net es ledsht Uwerbleibsel sacrifice von ihren Land.

Du host uns g'sad wu mir hie geh kende un sicher sei. Sel is 'n gud G'blauder, un mei Nation sot horiche dezu. Sei misse horiche dezu."

Es war en grosser man wu den Speech g'macht hot. Die weisse Leit in dem Land fergesse net die grosse Speeche von ihre Menner wie der Lincoln, Webster, Henry, Clay, un anere Shtaatsmenner, awer war kan sage der Name von grosse Leit unich de Insche. Wie oft hot der Busch g'shalt wie sie g'rede hen fer Freiheit von ihren Land. Niemand wais es un niemand gebt ebbes drum. Die Insche sin g'falle un a' die Baem im Busch un sell ware es End.

DIE SCHULE KINNER

In de dunkele grüne bletteriche Baem,
Greishe die Hawer-gais, dort sin sie dehaim,
Es Haus is gebutzd bei de Haus-fra',
Es Wedder is Kald die Schule fangd 'a,
Im Tern hengt die Bell wie 'n Fogel im Nesht,
Ihre Kumpany im Summer is die Dreck-Weshp.

Der Klang von de Bell is laud un klor,
Un ferenerd sich net von Yohr zu Yohr.
Kinner von Dhal un Kinner von Berge,
Mit Boge roth im frishe Morge,
Mit de Schule-bicher uf ihren Coat,
Ruft sie noch de Schule net shpot.

Die Kinner lerne un sie schpiele,
Die Zeit geht rum, wu sie net fühle,
Wan sie heit ihre Lesson net sehne,
Shpoeter Lessons kenne sie net fehle.

Die groeshte Lesson wu sie noch lernne,
Sin schmertzlich scharif wie die Dorne,
Sie finne sie heit net in de Schule,
Un lerne sie a' net bie 'e Rule.

Die Weld is foll von alle sorte Leit,
Wan ma' sie kent dan werd ma' g'sheit,
Ma' kan lerne von de gude, die g'sheite, die schlechte,
Von de dumme kan ma' lerne so wohl wie die beshte,
Dref sie a' no lernst sie kenne,
Wer Feüer lernd handle dhut sich net brenne.

In de Weld sin Leit wu die Mensche betrüge,
Ehrliche Leit wu dhune net lüge;
Leit wu sin laud un anere rough,
Dhail sin glat un b'sheise doch,
War hendeld Grund hot an sich Dreck,
Mit Souwere Glaider bleib aweg,
No bleibe die Glaider weiss un shoe',
Wie Schwartzer die Weld wie weiser der Schnee.

DIE SHPEK-MAUS UN DIE KERICHE-MAUS

Der Dichter un der Bauer hen 'mol ai' Owet im Summer uf en Bauer seine Porch g'hockt wie es dunkel is ware, un ware am blaudere, no fliegt en schwartzer Shtralle an ihne ferbei.

Der Dichter hot net grad g'wisst was es wor no frogt er der Bauer,

"Was war sell?"

"Es war en Shpekmaus,"
secht der Bauer.

"Die Shpeckmaus is en keyose Dhier. Sie is ken Vogel doch fliegt sie. Ich hab a' mein Lewe ken Nesht g'funne von ihre un ich wais net wie un wu sie ihre Junge uf die Weld bringe dhut."

"Wu hald sie sich uf iwer Winder?" frogt der Dichter.

"Ich hab en ledste Winder aine g'funne hinich en Lade am Fenster sie hot g'hange am Fuss un war am schloffe." secht der Bauer.

Secht der Dichter, "Bei en Pennsylvania Deutsche Name g'hert sie zu de Meis ihre Familia." "Der Name oftmols bedeit net fiel. Ma' haisd en Ungeziffer wu flieght de Blume noch Fledermaus, ich bin sure as sie nichs zu dhu hot mit Meis.

Die Englishe haise sie Butterfly; sie is ken Mick un hot a' nichs zu dhu mit Butter. 'Sis wunderlich wan ma' denkt. Die hoch Deutsche haise en Shpekmaus Fledermaus." secht der Bauer. "Well es hot dhail sorte Meis, do sin die Keriche Meis, die Feld Meis die Fledermeis, die Shpeck Meis un no die commone Meis." secht der Dichter.

"Los uns blaudere von de Shpeckmeis." sagd der Bauer.

"Worum?" frogd der Dichter.

"Well, mol fer a' Ding, in Meis 'sin 'sie es naechst in Evolution, zum Mensch."

"Waisht du as der Knoche-g'shtal von de Shpekmaus g'baut is wie im Mensch? Der Unerschiet is just in de leng un Dicking von de Knocke." sagd der Bauer.

"Es is all wunderbar. Am Owet wan die Mensche ruge, geht Sie naus un sucht ihre Lewe." En rollender Shtai sommeld ken Moos. Wie es schiend zu mir will die Shpeckmaus ken Moos sommele bis sie dot is. Wie es schiend is sie zu fleisich am en Lewe suche fer Moos zu sommele.

"Sie fliegt aimol do hie and anermol dort,
Wie en Augeblick is sie fort.
Sie used ihre Maul fer 'n Schnoge-fall,
Ich Hoff sie grickt die Schnoge all."
Shprecht der Dichter.

"Sell is gud, Geb noch meh von selle Ord." secht der Bauer.

Shprecht der Dichter,
"Wan die Sun hinich der Berig setzd,
Un Dushbar fer uns macht,
Dan geht der Schwalm in de ruh,
Die Shpekmaus uf die yacht."

Es is Shpot ware no secht der Dichter, "Well ich denk es is Zeit fer uns in die ruh zu geh."

"Do host noch blendy Zeit. Du host nau die Shpekmaus am fliege, sag mir noch meh von ihre." sagd der Bauer.

Wort bis iwer Sundag, wan ich griege kan as sie die Kerichemaus b'sucht dan sag ich dir was for a' gange is."

"Gud-nacht," sag'd der Dichter. "Gud-nacht," sagd der Bauer.

Den nachste Woch dreft der Dichter un der Bauer einander a' sie hen es gewohnlich G'spraech von Begrisse minander g'hat dan frogt der Bauer,

"Well wie kumst du a' mit de Shpekmaus?"

"Gud, sagd der Dichter, awer ich hab sie lang net in die Kerich griege kenne. Net bis en Sundag wie ich die Kerichebell ghoert hab is es mir bei g'falle wie ich sie nei griege kan."

Dan hab ich die Werde g'sad.

"Die Nacht is kertz die Auge sin drieb,
Sie hoert die Kerich-bell,
Nau shlupt sie in die Kerich nei,
Eb der Dag werd hell,"

"Awer nau muss ich worde bis die nachste Sundag fer aus finne was sie g'sad hot wie sie die Keriche-maus b'sucht hot.

Fer sell aus zu finne mus ich selwert nei geh un die Kerichemaus froge."

En Woch is rum gange un wie der Bauer un der Dichter widder bei Enander ware, secht der Dichter "Ich war in de Kerich en Sundag un hab aus g'funne was g'sad is ware bei de Shpekmaus un Keriche-maus."

"Los uns es hare." sagd der Bauer.

Der Dichter fangd a',

"Ich bin 'n Sunday Owet in die Kerich gange un hab en Sitz genumme nachst an de Wand wu ken Weibsleit ware.

Glei sehn ich en glai Meisel net weit von meine Fies. Es war noch früh der Porre war noch net dort, no hab ich gud g'hert was des Meisel zu sage g'hat hot.

Es hot wohl net laud g'schwetzd awer sei Gedanke hab ich gud fange kenne.

Die Maus hot no g'sad das die Shpekmaus het sie b'sucht un es ersht Ding as sie g'sad hat wer des,

"Ei du arme, arme Keriche-maus,
Du lebst do hin as wie en Laus,
In de Kerich do peepsd du rum,
Von de Weld do bist du dum.
Ich dien Leit, ich bin werd ful gud,

Ich fang der Feind wu lebt uf Blut.
Es is die fershtoche durshtich Shnog,
Der Mensche-druwel,—der Mensche-blog."

Just wie die Maus es g'sad g'hatte hot dan hen die Leit in de Kerich all so g'husht, awer es war glei widder bissel ruicher no frog ich die Maus—

"Well, was host du no g'sad?"

"Ei," sagd sie, was ich g'sad hab war blendy.

"Was ich g'sad hab war des,

No fangd sie a'—

Worum bist du benamd Shpekmaus,
So arm selich derr
Wu fliegt as wie 'n Blaat im Wind,
Un sinloss wie 'n Nerr.

Ich such un sommel, mei Kind es schloft,
Net im Schörn-shtai Roos;
Es rugd gud im e' warme Bed,
"Un hengt a' net am Foos.

Ich leb uf Bune un Oyster Soup.
In dem Gottes-Haus;
Wer sagd ich bin dum, wais net fiel,
Von e' Keriche-Maus.

Du host wohl Fliegel, un fliege kansht,
Awer bisht ken Engel,
Du bisht ken Vogel du hengsht am Nasht,
Wie en Traube-hengel.

Im Gottes-Haus bin ich ruich,
Un fershrek die Weibsleit net,
Du bisht dum, du fliegsht do rum,
Du alde ferlorne Bat.

Du bisht ken Vogel, un bisht ken Engel,
N Shand zum Name Maus.
Du un dei Weiwel geht zum Deiwel,
Un aus en Gottes-Haus."

"Wie sie des g'sad g'hot hot dan fangd der Choir a' singe so weitleftich hinnich de Arigel. No hot sie shtill g'shtane un g'horicht fer 'n Minut; une en Werd meh g'sad geht sie die Aisle nuner gehich die Kanzel."

"Was ihre Absicht war wais ich net. Sell war es ledsht was ich g'sehne oder g'hort hab von ihre oder die Shpekmaus."
"De Shpekmaus ihre B'such war arig interesant." sagd der Bauer.
"Du host recht." ant worted der Dichter.

DIE ALDE LEIT

Wer zweifelt die Weisheit von alde Leit,
Wan Erfahring der besht Lehrer is,
Weit zurick in alde Zeit,
Hen sie g'frogt die alde Leit,
Wan sie ware in de Not,
Hen sie g'horiched uf ihre Rot.

Fiel Yohre hen sie gelebt,
Dorum sin sie en Wedder-brophet
Die Signs von Wedder nemen sie enacht,
Un aus ihne en Brophet gemacht.

Die Gross muder is der Wedder-Brophet,
Wu ehrlich is un Wedder fershtet,
Im Winder guckt sie zum Fenster naus,
Noch en Himmel wu der Mond is haus,
Hinnich de Wolge nemt der Mond en peep,
Noch de Weld dorich Glesser drieb,
Im e Frame wu hald en Rim,
As guckt am Himmel wie 'n geler Ring;
An selm Ring so gross un shoe,
Sehent sie 'n Sign fer Morge Schnee.

Wan im froelich warme Summer,
Die Sun geht am Owet u'ner
Un scheind dreib un feüer roth,
Der Dag is lang die Sun is shpot,
"Morge Rege" sell is die Zeit.
Was sell owet Wedder bedeit.

Fallt er Morge fallt er heit,
Ma' kan den Rege net shtille,
So war es Gester so is es heit,
'Sis all Gottes' Wille,
Eb die Mensche heile oder Loebe brille.

Ich lern net fiel von Wedder-signs,
Ich sag awer was ich dhu,
Fiel Dinge hab ich gelernt,
Wie ich war en Bu'.

N Shtarick 'r Wind un hard 'r Dunner.
Mid von Dag im haise Summer,
Des is en Sign un wert g'numme,
'N g'witter Rege is am kumme.
Wan du weit bist von en Dach

Dan is es en Sign du wersht glei nass
Die alde Leit ware hoch g'studierd,
In was die Mensche in G'sundheit führd;
Die Ord was heeld in Greider,
Sis niemand heit wu is g'sheiter.

Hast Noo ralgia un ken Ruh,
U n du wesht net was zu dhu,
Mach en Poltis von haise Hoppe,
Fer die Schmertze dir zu shtoppe.

Der Wind blost kald un lossd die Hend,
Roth weh un fershprengt;
Shmier die Hend mit gans Fet;
Den nachste Dag is alles aweg.

Schlange un Sasafril Wertzel is arig gut,
Wand' schlecht fühlshd un's fehlt am Blut,
Elm un Blüth von Holler-biere,
Is Medicine ver schwache Niere.

Der Hals dhut weh un is faul,
Schwenk der Hals un es Maul,
Mit en Tee von weis-aiche Rinn,
Rot ich dir 'sis beshte Ding.

Bush, Balsam, un Winter-grü,
Macht en guder suesser Tee,
Ma' fergradst die Hend un die Bai,'
Bis ma hot en grosser Hengel,
Wu dragt ma haim an de Shtengel.

Wan ken Krankheit zu dir fallt,
Bist du jung oder bist du ald,
Fühlsh du gud in dein Bauch,
Alle Medicin is gud wan ma' net brauch.

N KALD FRIEYOHR.

Ei, Ei, Ei, was is des n Sach,
Die Grotte sin am greishe,
Der Shnee leigd uf n Dach,
Die Voegel sin do un wolle peife,
Der grü Hoff is weiss mit Reife.

Die Voegel wolle ihre Neshter baue,
Awer dhune en kalde Wedder Net draue;
Sie sin an ihren Muth ferliere,
Sin bang ihre Oier ferfriere.

Wan's Wedder warm werd, dhune sie sich froehe,
Un fühle glei Oier zu lege.
Wan's Wedder bleibt windich kalt,
Un der Shnee als noch falt,
Dan bau ich en Incubator uf's Dach am Haus,
Wu bried ihne schon die Oier raus.

Die Sun dhut ihre Shpite ans iewe,
Sie macht die Baem de Knep raus shiewe,
Der Wind nau hot sie al gegassd,
Mit seinem harde kalde Blast.

Die Iem in ihre Kashte sagt,
Un in ihren Hertz drin glabt,
Wie gud warm-hertz ich is die Sun,

Ich glab' ich geh naus un such die Blum.
Der Honich do is nime gud,
Die warm Sun gebt mir Muth,
Aus dem Kashte dhun ich fliege,
Un browier mir frisher Honich zu griege.

Sie find die Blum un fillt der Leib,
Un lebt aweil 'in Froelichkeit,
Der Wind kumt bei un dreibt sie haim,
Mit seine Keld zitterd er die Baem.

Die Iem sagd, "Er is net g'sheid,"
Der Wind sagd, "Sis noch net Zeit,"
Nau im Kashte sin dhail Ieme shteiff,
Wu sage von de Sun war's net nice.

Awer sie ware am Honich in de Blum,
In de warme Freiyohr's Sun;
Un so en Dag dhete sie net ferliere,
Un dhete's a grad widder browiere.

Die Blum kan net in's warme schluppe,
Sie mus de Keld in's G'sicht nei gucke.
Sie leid schwer von de Reife
Wie hard kan ma' es net fergleiche.

Awer die Iem as 'n Gast war en Froeht,
Sie hot de Blum ihre Sume geseht;
Nau die arm ferfrore Blum,
Wie es geht gebt sie nichs drum,
Sie hot ferleicht zu früh gelebt,
Sel war net ihre Shuld,
Sie hot ihre G'flicht gedhu in de Weld.
Un is g'shtorbe in de Keld.

DER YOKEL J. GRAW

Im Land wohnt der g'duldich Yokel J. Graw,
Im Aeland mit seine sheldiche Fra';
Sie Load is schwer un er sehnt ken End,
Wu er sei Druwel het von seine Hend.
Er considered un laft oftmols allai,
As wie en Man mit e' Load gross wie en shleiff Shtai.

Es Freiyohr is do un er geht an der Dam,
Wu die Weide-beam wackse im grüne Schwam,
Net weit hockt en Bull-frog and de grü Bank;
Der Yokel hockt sich un seift un denkt;
Wie gud hot der Bull-frog's in de Weld,
Er hot ken Fra' wu rausd un sheld,
Im Winder leigd er im Dreck un shloft,
Summers huckt er an de Bank un loafd.

Suesser Honich someld die fleisich Iem,
Sie shlupt in die Blum net weit von ihn,
Sie fliegt un signd von Blum zu Blum,
In de warme Freiyohr's Sun;
Was hot sie 'n shoene Weld,
Sie kan lewe un brauch ken Geld,
N freigewiche Weld warm un sunnich,
Gebt ihre Lewe mit suesser Honich.

N Yokel sei Gans gehet naus zu schwimme,
Sie sucht mit en Schnabel fer ebbes zu finne,
Sie paddeld die Fies un lachd en Quack,
Un schnabeld der Bull-frog in ihre Bag.
N Bull-frog sei Lewe war glei fer iwer.
'Sis besser glabt der Yokel wie er denkt do driwer,
N sunnich Lewe un shneller Dot,
Wie en Lewe von Druwell un in de Not.

N Fuchs kumt aus sein grundich Loch,
Er hot gesse awer is hungerich noch,
Er shpitzd die Ohre un shittld der Schwanz,
Un dragt fort die unglicklich Gans.
Der Yokel gehet haim un holt die Flint,
Er scheisst der Fuchs wie er shpringt;
Er nemt die Gans un geht ans Haus,
Sie Fra', is boess un kumt nau raus,
Sie hot g'hoert die Flint wie sie geht loss,
Nau gebt sie mit de Zung en Yokel 'n Dose.
"Fer was scheisst du die Gans" secht sie,
Die Gans is dot jusht sehn e'mol hie,
Du host ken Hern un ken Fershtand,
Der groesht Fool, bist du im ganse Land."

Der Yokel secht nichs, sei Gedult war gross,
Awer es war zu fiel, er ferlossd der Hoff;
Er nemt die Gans un schmeist sie hie,
Un geht noch en Shtettel un nemt en Shpree.
Er is zu lushtich un actd zu grü,
In G'fangniss ferlierd er sei Libertie;
Awer er hockt in Jail un heftich singd,
As wie wan der Mut net aus ihn gingd,
"Was is es doch en schoene Weld,
Ma kan nau lewe une Geld,
Ich bin aus de Hitz un aus de Keld
Do is ken Fra' wu rausd un sheld."

DER ALD KESHTE-BAUM

Der ald Keshte-baum shtet uf 'n Berig,
Im griene sume Feld;
Er is dot awer losd sei Marik,
In de shtorblich Weld.

Im Summer war er grie g'glaid,
Bledderlos is 'r im Martz,
Shpot yohrs war 'r im brau g'glaid,
Nau weard 'r immer schwartz.

Der Baum hot gewe von seine Frucht,
Keshte seiss un brau,
Die Leit hen ihn mit Froehte b'sucht
Fergesse is er nau.

Hoch uf 'n Nascht huckt 'n Grab,
Dhail hucke in de Sowd;
Kumst du naechst dan fliegt 'r ab,
Von Keshte-baum wu es dot.

En unglicklich Yohr is 'n Krankheit kumme,
Es war die Keshte-blight;
Un hot's Lewe von de' Baem genumme,
As wie es dhut die Leit.

Der Keshte-baum war fer Yohre b'sucht,
Bei Kinner gross un glai',
Die braune Keshte hen sie g'sucht,
Ken Keshte hen sie meh'.

Den Baum sei Niss ware gross un shoe',
Mit Seck foll sin sie fort,
Der ald Baum gebt ken Keshte meh'
'R is' dot awer shtet noch dort.

Im Busch do rauschd der Keshte-wind,
Same as wie defor,
Sag mir wu ma' Keshte find,
Wan Keshte-baem sin' rohr.

In dem regeriche Shpot Yohr,
Die Bledder falle runner;
Awer Keshte-bledder finsht nime' meh',
Mit Keshte une d'runner.

Die Kinner gradle ken Keshte-baem nuf,
F'r an die seisse Keshte;
Sie mache a' ken Shtochle uf
Un beise in ken schlechte.

Wan der Fader seim Bu ferzehld,
Dan sin sei Ahre net zu;
Wie sie hen die Keshte ferdhaild,
Wie 'r war 'n Bu.

Wie sie g'shmisse hen noch de Iegel,
So gross as wie 'n Abbel,
Mit Shtecke un Shtai, Rocks un Briegel,
Was hot es als g'rabbeld,

Nau winscht der jung Bu er hat gelebt,
Im Fader seine Zeit;
Was war es doch n Lusht un Froet,
An de Keshte-zeit.

Awer die Kesht-zeit is ferbei,
Un kumt a' nimme bei;
Fer Keshte laise is es zu shpot,
Die Keshte Baem die sin all dot.

DIE DRECHDER-BLUM

O Drechder-blum, mei Drechder-blum,
So wild hengst du in Fence-ecke rum,
Blanze grü oder alder Junk,
Wie lieblich umringd mit deine Rank;
Sag mir, sag mir, fer was es is;
Das du so früh wacher bist;
Du liewe shoene Drechder-blum,
So glitserich frish in de Morgets Sun;
G'glaid in Farbe n wunderbar Tint,
Von Purple, Roth, Weiss un Pink.
Ich bid dich horich was ich sag zu dir,
Du bringst n seisser Trosht zu mir;
N Fest bist du zu mein Aug,
Mit froelich Hertz ich ferloss mei Klag;
Awer gwickeld am Shtengel im Welshkorn-feld,
Geht dei Shoe'hait ferlore zu de Weld.
Endlich kumt der Bauer rum,
Was shtet fallt um der Dot kumt rum,
Mei Drechder-blum, mei Drechder-blum.

DIE MOVIES

Wan du bist in e'fremme Shtadt,
Mit genunk zu esse un doch net satt,
Du bist allai un host ken Freind,
Awer host en unruiche blaue Mind,
Geh un sehn en Movie-show,
Dort is Kumpany wu is froh.
Wan die Haimet is en Shtub in de höhe,
Wu is kald un wu bisht allai,
Wan net wiasht was solsht dhu,
In de Haimet is ken Ruh,
Dan geh du noch de Movie-show,
Fergess dei Haimet un sei froh.
Lees en Buch fer n zeit ferdreib,
En Buch is Kumpany es macht em g'sheit,
Wan es Buch werd dir ferleet,
Un langsam dir die Zeit rum geht,
Geh in die dunkel Movie Show,
Wu sehnsht nichs
Wu net macht em froh.

CEDAR BEACH

Wan die Huns-Dage do sin
Un 'sis schrecklich hais,
Uf n Asphalt danzd die Hitz,
As er waich is wie Kase;
Wan die Hawer-leis an dir sin
Wie en Hund mit de Flae,
Dan sag ich dir wu hie zu geh.

Nem en Allentown un Reading trolley Car,
Er schütteld dich hie, er schütteld dich har,
Iwer der Schwam, un iwer die Brück;
Er rabbeld fer bei am grumbiere Shtick.

Shteig von Car an Cedar Beach,
Dort is en Crowd wu is so laud,
Am chumpe un lache un Fun mache.
Geh ins Bad-haus un schlup in 'ne Suit.
Un kühl dich in selm Pool;
Shpiel im Wasser wie Kinner in e' Schule;
Im Wasser lern Schwimme wie en glater Seal,
Dort fühld ma' gud so leicht un kühl.

Fer was sot ma' bezahle un weit geh,
Noch en blaue unruiche See,
Fer in's Wasser bade geh;
Es Wasser im Schwam is just glai,
'Sis besser Fun wie bade im See.

Sehn selle Blond im Wassser bade,
Es Wasser is frish es recht an die Wade,
Wie weider sie bad wie hoecher recht's Wasser.
Doch geht sie nei un werd als nasser.
Aini glabt 'sis Fun un sie find's aus,
Fer hucke im Zuer mit de Bai' henge haus.

Der Zuer is shtarick er werd net fershprenkt,
Sie huckt im Zuer un rowed mit de Hend.
Der Zuer fallt um Sie gebt nichs drum
Sie bartzeld un kickt im Wasser rum.

Wie frish is es Wasser der Wille nemt's fort,
Un macht em schnaufe im Wasser dort.
Wie hard is der Afang bis ma' brecht nei,
Wan ma' awer drin is dan fiihld ma' fei'.

Wer net schwimme lernt,
Von Wasser bleibt bang;
Un ferfehld die helfd Blessier,
Sei gans Lewe lang.

'N Bu lernt schwimme, in ainich Wasser-loch,
Wan er ald werd schwimme kan er noch.
Ferleicht is er shteiff, dick un fett,
Awer's Leib von Wasser fergesst er net.

Fer die Alde, die Junge,
Die Dicke die Dinne,
Is nichs besser as im Wasser zu schwimme.
Wan du hais bisht dan is es gud.

Es macht dich kühl es kühld dei Blut.
Es Wasser is en Medicin wu macht em jung
Es rheinicht die Haut,
Un shtaricht die Lung.

DER PROFESSOR KRATZKOP VON BASSUM DHAL

Wie der ald Professor Kratz kop von Bassum Dhal uf die Weld kumme is dan hen die alde Leit grad gsad wie Sie ihn g'sehne hen, er dhet mol en hoch gelehrter Man gewe, wan er lewe bleiwe dhet. Awer sel war die Frog,-bleibt er lewe. Die alde Leit hen al g'sad, die gude shtorbe al jung. Sie ware all sure as er hoch g'lehrt ware dhet, weil sie hen al g'sad ma' kent sel lerne an de Zeiche. Awer die Frog war bleibt er gud un shtorbd? Nau der ald Lehrkop war en Man wu die Leit g'sund gemacht hot mit brauche, un war en hoch geler'nter Man. Die alde Weiwer hen g'sad shick fer ihn, 'r kan sage was es aus en Kind gebt un eb er lang lebt. Es Kind war drei Yohr ald wie der Lehrkop ihn en Biwel, en Law-buch un en Fergrosserin-glass gewe hot. Die Biwel, uns Law-buch hot's Kind shier net a' g'guckt, awer im Vergrosserin-glass war es shtudendlich g'interest. Nau sagd der Brophet Lehrkop "Mir wisse al un die alde Leit sages al das die gude al jung shtorbe. Ihr sehnt mit euer Auge fer eich selwert das des Kind die Biwel net a' guckt. Dorum sag ich es Kind werd ald. In dem Vergrosserin-glass nemt er grosse Indresse. Dorum sag ich er macht der groesht Scientist as noch gelebd hot."

No sage en Kind sie Eldere, "Was du sagshd glawe mir, er sol en Scientist sei"; un en Scientist is er ware.

Wie der Professor sewe Yohr ald war, hot er a' fange Ungeziefer shtudiere. Es ersht ware die Leis. Er hot glei sage kenne wie fiel Fies as en Laus hot.

No hot er Experimente g'macht. Fer aus zu finne wie fiel as en Laus ziege kan uf en Ewene, bint er Shpinne-web an sie un macht sie ziege.

No hot er sie ziege mache uf unershitliche abhang. Er hot es al nuner gemerikd. Der Table werd heit noch g'used in unsere Colleges.

Es nachst Ding as ma' g'hort hot, war er am Wanse unersuche. Awer er hot Druwel g'hat mit de Wanse. Alle mol as er sei grosse Mind un sei Fergrosserin-glass uf die Wans g'dreht hot, dan war die Wans so fergrosserd as sie g'browiert hot sich zu fershlupe.

Sel hot er awer glei g'shtopd. Er hot sie no a'g'bunne. Nau es hot fiel Leit wu sage die Wanse batte die Weld nichs. Der Professor sagd net so. Er hot net g'browiert die Wanse zu ferdilge awer er geht dra un ferbesserd sie. Er geht dra un crossd sie mit de Feuer-Voegelier. Nau kan ma' sie sehne Nachts.

Lang eb ma' ebbes g'wissd hot von Wacher-uhre mit uf g'leichte Hend un Numere, as ma' Nachts sehne kan, hot der Professor Kratzkop paar von seine Wanse unich n Glass an de Uhr ihre G'sciht g'hat. Es hot ihn die Uhr gud uf g'leicht as er die Zeit gud sehne hot kenne. Es nachst Ungezeifer as der Scientist g'shtudierd hot war die Schnog.

Wer hot noch net g'kickt im Summer wan es warm war un wind shtill, un en Schnog hore ihn in's Ohr singe. Der Sang war's ersht nidder un weidleftich, awer, is glei lauder were, bis ma' alle Note fange hot kenne. Awer jusht wie ma' es am laudshte g'hort hot, dan shtecht 'n anere Schnog em in die Hand.

Nau der Professor is an unersuche fer was as 'n Schnog sing'd zu em weil 'n anere em rawb von seim Blut.

Er secht er is sure von ai Ding. Sie singd zu em so as es em die G'danke weg nemt von Shtich. Er kan awer net sage dhut sie es dorich Bedauerniss fer em oder dhut sie es weil sie bang is fer ihre Lewe zu ferliere. Es mag sei wei's will. Wan n Man schoe singd un sei Kumerad rawbd em dan sin's alle zwai ken Freind.

Awer der Professor sagd seller G'sang von de Shnoge sot net ferlore geh zu de Weld, shtich oder ken shtich, debei.

Ihre G'sang hot er g'amplified bis ma' nau es hore kan bei Radio von ain End von Land bis ans aner. Sundag Owets gebt der Professor als Concerts mit bardiche g'trainde Schnoge. Er sagd die Schnoge kente gud un dhete gleiche zu singe des Lied.

There is a fountain filled with blood.

Er sagd es werd gewiss lieblich ab zu horiche wie seiss as die Jersey Musquitos singe dhete,

In Jersey City where I did dwell
A butcher boy I loved so well.

So weid hab ich jusht dhail von Professor Kratzkop, der gross Scientist, seine Dhade benamd wu ihn en grosser Man gemacht hot.

In en anere Sthory will ich noch meh sage.

DIE RING SEI

Der Professor Kratzkop der Scientist gleichd so gud Sauerkraut, g'kocht mit Sei-schwenz zu esse. Am en Sei-schwanz is net fiel Flaish un sel hot ihn die Idea gewe von en Breed von Sei mit dicke, lange, Schwenz.

Es sin fiel Leit wu gleiche oxtail Soup g'macht von Ochseschwenz; Fer was sotte net Leit 'n Soup gleiche von gude greftich Sei-schwenz, denkt er.

Der Professor war en Man, wan er ebbes in Sinn g'hatte hot zudhu dan hot er net uf gewe bis es g'dhu war. Wie der ald Bauer Shtengel uf b'such war bei ihn dan secht der Professor, "Wolle mol naus geh die Sei sehne." "Yer," sagd der Bauer, "Ich hab g'hoert von deine neie Breed Sei, die dhet ich mol gleiche zu sehne."

No sin sie an der Shtal, der Professor macht die Dhür uf un wie der Bauer nei guckt secht er, "Ei der Shtal is yo lehr. Wu sin dan die Sei?"

No sagd der Professor, "Guck noch e'mol". Fer en ewiche Bauer sei Wunner, sehnt er die Sei an de Ceiling henge an de Schwenz wie Monkeys. Die Schwenz ware so lang un dick as wie Monkey Schwenz. Sie hen g'hange an Shtange as der Professor uf g'dhu hot so as die Sei Exercise hatte. Die Schwenz hen alsfer en Ring g'hat wan die Sei g'logffe sin. Der Ring war so shtark as ma' die Sei uf hewe hot kenne dra. Dorum hen die Sei der Name grickt Ring-sei. Es wais awer niemand wie der Professor so en Ord Sei g'raisd hot.

Wie der Bauer ihn g'frogt hot, secht er, 'Sis zu scientific die Leit fershtehe es doch net wan ich es sag. Er hot awer net so en Ord Sei uf gezoge une Druwel. Wie die ershte Ring-Sei uf die Weld kumme sin dan is die Muder Sau g'shtorbe awer ferleicht war es gud fer die Junge.

Es war en Case wie der Lincoln g'hat hot. Wie er President ware is dan hen so fiel von seine Freind ihn g'frogt fer Office-Chops no secht er zu dhail von ihne.

"Nai ich kan dir ken Chop gewe. Sin zu fiel Sei fer die Dids." Sell ware die Sache in dare Case. En Professor sei Fra' hot glei en Blan g'hot fer die junge Sei raise as sie net ferhungerd sin. Sie hot en Frame mache losse mit Lecher drin wu sie Bottele fol Milich nei g'shtelt hot unersht ewersht mit en Nipple an de Enner. Die Sei hen ihre Milich g'soffe un sin fett ware.

Nau do war en glai Seili fiel zaumer wie die anere. Es war de Mrs. Kratzkop ihre Pet. Sie ka'ft en Collar mit en rothe Bond-shlup fer des Seili. Awer wie kan en Seili en Collar weare wan der Hals dicker is wie der Kop.

Der Collar war a' glei im Dreck g'leye, un es war a' net em Seili sei shuld. Nau geht die Fra' dra un bind en Schlup in der Schwanz un selle Weg is als es Seiche ihre no g'loffe iwer alich wu sie hie gange is.

Die Fra' hot alsfer Druwel g'hat wan sie noch de Kerich gange is Sundags, fer von dem Seili weg kumme. Mol ai Sundag war sie in de Kerich der Porre war am bede, dan kumt des Seili' an die Keriche-dhiir. Der Usher sehnt awer grad as es Seili in die Kerich will, un shtelt sich unich die Dhiir. Wan der Usher so fiel gewissd het von Sei dreiwe as wie von Leit an ihre Sitz neme dan het er g'wissd as ma' net Sei zurick halde kan wan ma' sich in der Weg shtelt.

Well des Seili is ihn zwiche de Bai dorich in die Kerich. Der Abe Grisht wu g'sitze war am End mit seine Umberel wu er al'ferd gedrage hot sehnt des Seili die Aisle nunner kumme. Wie es zugleich war mit ihn nemt er sei Umberel fer es zurick jage, un der Ring im Hendle fang'd in de Sau ihre Ring im Schwanz in reist der Abe aus sein Sitz uf der Floor.

Endlich sin awer die Forshteher kumme un hen die Sau naus g'jagt. Sei hen g'wist wie. Wie die Kerich aus war hot der Abe Grisht g'sad zu de Mrs. Kratzkop der Deiwel werd in ihre Sau.

Es hot sie net g'bassd un sie hot ihn en guder Hock gewe. Secht sie "Wan der Deiwel in mein Seili is dan hot er dich anyhow grickt un uf en Floor leige g'hat." Sel hot der Abe g'howe. Awer der groesht Druwel as die Ring-sei gemacht hen wil ich ferzehle.

Wie die Sei groesser g'wackse sin dan ware sie net gud zu halde. Mit ihre Monkey-Schwenz hen sie gud sich iwer Fence schaffe kenne. Mol ai Dag im Summer ware en Bauer Shtengel sei' Kieh im Feld eiferich am fresse. Der Bull war a' im Feld un war in gud Humor; dan dhune zwai von Professor seine Ring-sei sich iwer die Fence schaffe, un sin an ains von de Kieh ihre Eider gange un ware busy an saufe bis der Bull es g'sehne hot. Es hot der Bull grad ferzernd, er hot fermudlich g'denkt wan ainiche Milich do werd dan werd's fer Kelwer un net fer Sei.

Die Sei hen mit en Schwanz gehich ihn g'shtane un der Bull mit en Kop drunne macht en Charge uf dei zwai Sei.

Es is grad g'shene as er die zwai Horner in die Ring von de Sei ihre Schwenz gerent hot,. No is er im Feld rum g'shprunge wie weidich, mit de Sei an de Horner henge.

Was g'shene werd wais ma' net wan en Bull sei Horner net ab gebroche werde. Es hot en Law-action draus gewe. Der Bauer hot der Professor reshte losse fer Damages zu seim Bull.

Er het ferleicht Damages bezahld grickt wan es net g'wessd werd fer en Bauer sei Lawyer. In sein Speech zu de Jury secht er, Er glabt net an Ring-sei, wan er sei weg het dan dhet er en Law mache as al die Sei ihre Schwenz ab g'shnitte sei missde.

Nau uf de Jury war der Bauer Krautshtampel un wie der Lawyer sel gsad hot dan is en Schwartzi Wolk iwer en Krautsht

ampel sei G'sicht kumme. Die Leit in de Court -shtub hen g'fiihld as wie wan en G'witter-rege koemt.

Die Uhrsach war der bauer war en Nut fer Sauer-kraut un Sei-Schwenz. Fer en Lawyer zu sage er werd in Favor fer al die Sei die schwenz ab mache war en Ding wu der Bauer shier wiedich g'macht hot.

Wie die Case in de Jury ihre Hend kumme is dan hot der Bauer ken Ferlusht grickt fer sei Bull. Er hot zehe Cent grickt fer die Milich as die Sei g'soffe hen.

DIE KESHTE-GAIS

Fer so en g'sheiter Man as der ald Professor Kratzkop war hot er net aus Druwel bleiwe kenne. Ma hot g'maind die wunderbare Auffindinge in Biology un anere Dinge het ihn jusht meh Druwel g'macht.

Fer en Beispiel war sei Keshte-gais. Wie es noch Keshte-baem g'hatte hot, dan war's als en guder Weg fer zeitiche Keshte von de Baem zu griege, wan ma' en grosser Rocks wedder der Schtam g'shimsse hot. No sin als die Keshte runner g'falle as es g'rabbeld hot.

Des hot als de Baem ihre Rinn fershune. Nau geht der Professor dra un raisd en Gais wu Keshte-beam bumpt. Sell war net so hard uf de Baem.

Mol ai Dag is awer der Gais in sei Ebbel Bungert g'broche wu so grosse Ebbel uf de Baem g'hange hen.

Die Baem ware am Berig g'shtane. En Fuhr-weg war une am Berig, un wie der Gais en Baum g'bumpt hot is ains von seine grosse Ebbel, so gross wie en Wasser-melon, von Baum g'falle un is en Berig nunner g'rolld.

Es is g'shene as an selle Zeit jusht der Hiram Immerdig ferbei gange is uf Fuss. Wie der gross Abbel der Berig nunner rolld, dan bounced er iwer die Fence in die Shtross un dreft der Hiram in die Ribbe. Es hot ihn unmechtich g'shlage. Wie lang as er in de Shtross geleye hot wais er net.

Nau do war der Jake Derr wu net weit aweg g'wohnt hot; sei Welsh-hahne war 'rgens am brie'e un der Jake war jusht selle Zeit am suche fer sei Nesht zu finne. Wie er an de Shtross hie lawft un guckt in die Fence-ecke rum fer's Nesht zu finne sehnt er der Hiram in de Shtross leiye. Er geht Haim un shpand die Rose in der Shprings-wage un fahrd der Hiram Haim.

Es war jusht an de Middag-shtund wie er an sei Haus kumme is. Die Fra' hot g'kochte Riewe g'hot fer Middag-esse.

Der Jake hot sie net fershreke wolle mit seine unglickliche Berichte un war am kunsidere wie er ihre die Berichte gewe sol. No secht er zu ihre, "Ich hab ken gude Berichte fer dich, awer fershreck net, dei Man leid do im Wage un is weh gedhu, awer er rugd gud un shcloft."

No sagd sie,
"Ich glab's net du bisht am foole."

"Yo" sagd er "guck in der Wage wan du es net glabsht."

Wie sie ihre Man g'sehne hot secht sie,
"Ei nau geht es Esse ferderbe; Ich hab en gud Middag g'kocht, nau kan er es net esse." "Host du schon Middag g'hat?"

Wie sie des g'sad g'hatte hot dan kumt der Hiram zu sich. Wie die Fra' sel sehnd fangd sie bitterlich a' weine.

Sie hen awer der Hiram in's Bett geschaft un hen g'schickt fer der Doctor. Wie er der Hiram unersucht hot secht er. "Der Man hot drei Ribbe ferbroche. Er muss sich ruich halde as er net g'excite werd." No gebt er en Bottel Medicin fer der Hiram un ferlossd. Der Hiram is besser ware jusht Nachts is er als ferwerd ware, un no hot er nichs g'schwetzd as wie von Gais.

Er hot no g'maind es werde als noch Gais hinnich ihn.

Mol ai Dag secht er, Do lieg ich un war net besser. Ich hab noch alsfer un glab heit noch an brauche. Shick fer der ald Shpinnerhut. Er kan meh dhu wie ainicher Doctor. No hen sie der Shpinnerhut grickt. Der Hiram hot ihn g'sad er dhet als ferwerd were un maine die Gais werde hinich ihn.

Der Shpinnerhut sagd no, "Selli Gais wol mir schon shtope." Hasst du der Gais?"

"Hasse," sagd der Hiram.

"Seller Gais lebt nime lang wan ich mol widder uf die Fies kum."

Der Braucher gebt ihn no en Treatment.

Er is mit de Hand iwer en Hiram sei Ribbe g'shtriche, un druf g'blose, un sachte die Werde g'sad,

"Die Wund is weh,
Sie sol weg geh,
Shnell sol hoehle die Ribbe,
Grotte Zeh un Hinkel-bai
Sol den Gais fershticke."

Wie der Braucher fertich war sei Treatment gewe, dan frogd em Hiram sei Fra' was ihre Man esse deift. Eb mir weider gehne will ich sage as en Hiram sei Fra' g'recheld war die besht Koch uf weid un broet. Sie is fiel g'frogt were fer koche an Leichte un Keriche-suppers. Sie hot Delicates mache kenne wu niemand schonsht g'wissd hot wie zu mache.

Sie is als im Frieyohr in der Schwam gange, wan es Biskatze-kraut aus en Boden kumt, un hot es besht Gemies defo g'kocht.

Der Hiram hot als so gud ihre Dishdle-salad gegliche. Der Braucher hot g'sad er deift es esse awer missd die Shtachle raus mache un deift kenni schluge.

Wie sie g'frogt hot eb er Clams esse deift, secht er,
"Clams sin arig rich, Wech shaliche Oysters werde besser, weil er kent die Shaale schluge un es dhet ihn nichs.

Er kan die Brieh von Clams hawe, awer er Sol ken Grane schluge."

Der Hiram is awer als schwecher ware. Es war im October der Dag war sunnich wie der Hiram geleye hot in Bett.

Er hot nichs von sich gewissd un sei Fra' hot ken Hoffning g'hatte fer ihn. Der Braucher war dort un hot ihn net helfe kenne. Awer wie g'sad derDag war schoe' un die Dhiir war uf;

niemand hot g'hoert as der Gais in's Haus kumt. Wie er unich die Dhiir kumt dan macht er B-'a-'a-'a. Nau der Hiram war im Bett geleye wie en Doter. Wie er awer der Gais g'hoert hot dan is er lewendich ware un hot Grefte grickt as ma es shier net glawe hot kenne. Er hot sich uf g'hockt im Bett un g'browiert fer an der Gais zu geh. Sie hen ihn awer ruich gemacht un der Gais naus g'jagt. Noch selm is er shtark besser ware. Die Leit hen g'sad es werd der Gais gewessd wu sei Lewe g'saft het, un net der Braucher.

Es war gud zu fershteh. Der Gais is in's Haus kumme grad an de rechte Zeit. Wie en Hiram sie Lewe so nidder war as die Hoffning al war, hoert er der Gais blare.

Sie Shpite iwer der Gais un sei shtarki Nadur hot ihn so fiel Grefte gewe as er sich uf g'hockt hot im Bett.

Es war a' grad an de rechte Zeit noch selm is er besser were. Er hot sei Shpite iwer der Gais ferlore, weil er hot g'sad der Gais het ihn g'cured.

Er hot als g'schwetzd von der Professor Kratzkop fange losse, wu der Gais g'aignd hot, awer glei noch selm is der Gias an sei Waterloo kumme.

Der Shtengel war am Grunbiere aus mache, der bauere Wage war im Grunbiere-Shtick wu die Leser als die Grunbiere nei g'lese hen; dan sehne en Shtengel Sei Buwe der Gais ins Grunbiere Shtick kumme, fer Grunbiere fresse.

Die Buwe hen jusht en Bushel-korb foll in Feld shteh losse un fer der Gais recht boess mache, hen sie so glaine runde Shtai wie g'guckt hen wie Grunbiere uf der Korb g'legd mit de Grunbiere. Der Gais hot g'maind es werde Grunbiere un wie er nei beist ferbrecht er en Zah.

Awer sel war net es schlimsht. Sie hen no en Rock un Hut iwer die Deixel von Wage g'henkt, un hen sich in der Wage fershteckld un g'macht wie en Gais. Ba-a-a. Wie der Gais sel g'hoert hot guckt er rum un wie er sehnt der Rock un Hut iwer die Deixel von Wage, maind er es werd en Mensch. Er macht en Charge, un shpringd wedder es End von de Deixel, un hot sich es Hohrn raus g'shprengt.

Die Buwe hen g'sad es het den Wage recht g'shn'rt awer noch selm het der Gais sich nime feraigt.

DREI-ECKICHE OIER

Der ald Kratzkop der Scientist hot de Haim am Offe ghockt un war an de Peif shmoke weil die Jane sei Fra' war am Dish g'shtane am Seisskuche backe.

Der Scientist hot die Seisskuche so gud g'gliche; awer fer Seissckuche backe nemd es Oier. Die Jane, sei Fra', war just am Oier uf schlage in 'ne erdne Schissel, un hot unbedenkt en Oi uf der Dish gelegd, un wie sie am Oier glebere war dan rolld sel Oi von Dish uf der Boden um hot sich aus Shape gefalle uf en Linoleum in de Kich.

Der Hen hot's Oi sehne rolle un hot gemacht as wan 'r sell Oi fange wod, awer bis er hie kumme werd het en dutz end Oier runner falle kenne.

"Dort leid's in Shtiggere," sagd er, "un die Oier sin dheüer. 'Sis shaad."

Die Jane war just am Lumbe grieye fer's Oi uf butse no secht der Scientist, "Word ich ruff der Ponto rei, los ihn's uf shlecke."

Der Ponto war sei schlafericher Hauns, wu uf de Porch geleye hot in de Sun un war am schlofe. No geht der Man an die Dhur un ruft,

"Here Ponto kum mol rei." Der Ponto is so langsam uf g'shtane un is nei in's Haus. Der Scientist weist ihn es Oi awer der Ponto, hot's so shep 'a g'guckt un bissel dra geruche, as wie wan 'r bang werd fer wedder zu kumme mit de Naas. No geht der Man hinne bei un legd die Hand uf sei Kop un drickt n Hund sei Nass bissel uf's ferbroche Oi.

Nau war en Hund sei Naas fershmeard un nadurlich hot er sei Nass g'shlecked fer sie butse un do debei hot er a' sel Oi fersuchd.

Wie er awer sel Oi fersuchd g'hatte hot dan shitteld er der Schwanz so bissel, un fanged a' sel Oi uf zu shlecke un hot net uf gewe shlecke bis nichs meh do war von Oi un bis es Linoleum geguckt hot als wie neii wu es Oi geleye hot.

All die weil war die Jane sei Fra' am Oier glebere un der Ponto hot dort g'shtane un nuf g'guckt fer noch meh Oier. No secht die Jane "Geh naus du grigsht nime meh Oier. Sie sin zu dheiier fer dir zu gewe. Wie sie des sagd, macht sie die Dhür uf un der Ponto geht naus.

No sagd sie zu ihren Man "Waisht du was?" "Du host seller Hund Oier fresse gelernd." "Ich denk net" sagd der Man "Ich glab as er es fergessd." "Wan er Oier shteld dan is es dei Schuld." sagd die Fra'. "Du hatshd a' besser acht gewe kenne no werd sel Oi net runner g'falle von Dish." sagd ihre Man. Fer was kan ma' ken drei eckiche Oier raise? Du bist alsfer am browiere an neue Dinge aus finne. Du host neue Sorte Hinkel, fer was kanst du net mache as sie drei eckiche Oier lege. Denk mol dra' wie hendich as so Oier werde. Ma' kent sie uf der Dish lege un sei dhete net runner falle," sagd die Jane.

Drei eckiche Oier, denkt der Scientist. Sell werd gewiss en gud Ding.

No hot er dort ghockt un war am denke un hot nichs meh g'sad.

No sechd die Jane, "Du brausht awer net alle weil shon dort sitze un considere. Mit dem as des Oi ferbroche is dan bin ich'n Oi kertz. Ich hoer die Hinkel am gagse, es hot gewiss ains gelegd. Geh naus un hol mir ains rei."

Der Hen shtet uf von sein Shtul un geht naus an der Hinkelshtal. Wie er hie kumt dan sehnt er der Ponto im Shtal., am browiere die Oier unich ains von seine beshte Kulcke raus neme.

Awer es war n everlaying Kluck as uf selle Oier g'hockt hot. N everlaying Kluck kan ma' just bei Force von de Oier neme.

Solche Kluck is shy wan sie net am brieh is, awer wan sie uf Oier sitzd dan is sie net bang fer n Elephant, oder der Deiwel selwert.

Nau hot sie uf selle Oier g'hockt un als 'n Ponto noch de Auge g'pickt alle mol as er nachst kumme is mit de Naas.

Die Federe hen in die hoehe g'stahne bis sel Hinkel g'guckt hot as wie wan es uf g'blose werd.

Wie der Scientist g'sehne hot was der Hund will dan kickd er noch ihn un jagd ihn aus 'n Shtal. Es hot ihn g'druweld as der ald Ponto Oier fressd awer er hot sich selwert g'blamed.

Es is just zwai Dinge zu dhu wan en Hund Oier fressd, un sel is en abgewehne oder en zu schiesse.

Der Hen geht nei in es Haus un sagd de Jane er het der Ponto ferwishd am Oier fresse.

"Ich hab dir es g'sad." sagd sei Fra'. "Well," sagd er, "Ich gleich net der Ponto zu schiesse ich muss ebbes dhu fer ihn ab g'wohne von Oier fresse."

Er hot no die alde Cures g'browiert so wie rother Peffer in 'n Oi zu dhu; awer der Ponto hot jusht wenich dra geruche un sel Oi sei g'lossd. Alle gebot sin Oier weg kumme no war jusht meh zwai Dinge uf n Scientist seine Mind. Es war entweder e'n drei-eckich Oi zu raise oder der ald Hund schiesse. Er hot g'glabd 'as er der Ponto cure kan von Oir fresse mit socihem Oi. Ihn schiesse hot er net wolle. Awer wie sol er n drei-eckich Oi raise. Er hot als am Offe g'hockt un net fiel g'sad fer 'n Woch.

No geht er dra un dhut dhail von seine Hinkel uf en Diet. Er hot ihne von sein' Hinkel-compound g'fiedered.

Niemand hot gewissd von was es g'macht war. Er hot so fiel von dene drei-eckiche Brazil Niss oder "Nigger-toes" kaft un die leid hen gemudmosd er dhet's seine Hinkel fiedere. Awer doch hen sei Hinkel ken drei-eckiche Oier g'legd. Der Druwel war

die Niss ware zu gross. No secht er zu de Fra'. "Ich wais nau was letz is as die Hinkel ken drei-eckiche Oier lege. Sie misse uf ebbes g'fiederd sei wu drei-eckich is un wu sie gans schluge kenne."

No secht er, "Die Brazil Niss sin zu gross fer die Hinkel gans zu schluge. Waisht du ken Fuder as sie gans schluge kenne." "Nai," sagd sei, "ich du net." Der Scientist hot no so hard gedenkt an Hinkel bis er Nachts nightmare grigt hot. Oft mols hot sei Fra' ihn wacher g'macht as er am draume war von drie-eckiche Oier. Mol ai Nacht shtet er uf un secht, "nau hab ich es, ich hab's."

Sei Fra' hot g'maind er dhet grad dort sei Fershtand ferliere. No secht sie, "Hen was is letz?"

"Gor nichs" secht er, "Ich hab g'draumd mei Hinkel werde im en buch-waize Feld am Buch-waize fresse. Waisht du net as en buch-waize Korn schwartz is un drei-eckiche, ferleicht so lang wie 'n waize Korn. Nau wan mei Hinkel Buch-waize fresse un ich fieder ihne mei Compound dan lege sie drei-eckiche Oier. Hurrah!"

Den nachste Dag hot er seine Hinkel Buch-waize g'fiedered un sei Compound, Sel hot er a'g'halde fer 'n Woch. Mol ai Dag hockt er am Offe no fangd 'aen Hinkel so laud gagse im Shtal. Es hot so lang un so laud g'gagsd bis die Grabbe uf en Berig afange hen Angsht griege un hen e'nan'er g'antwort. No sagd die Jane, "Geh mol naus, 'sis ebbes hinnich de Hinkel," No geht der Hen naus un geht in der Hinkel-Shtal; er guckt in ains von de Neshter un fer Sei ewiche Wunner dort leid n drei-eckich Oi so schwartz wie en Coal. No nemt er sel Oi un geht in's Haus un weist's seine Fra' un sagd Guck mol do was ich hab in de Hand.

Heit bin ich der herrlisht un der groesht Man im Land. Denk mol dra was des maind, Oier wu net rolle, des is en Ardickel

wu die Weld shon lang g'braucht hot. Es is a'en sure Cure fer der Ponto. Er fresd kens von denne Oier, Wan er dhut dan is es ersht un es ledsht mol."

"Nau glab ich bal as ma' ainich ebbes dhu kan wan ma browiert." sagd sei Fra'.

Sie hen no der Hauns nime g'watchd. Der Scientist hot g'sad "Los ihn jusht ains von meine drei-eckiche Oier fresse."

Der Ponto war so nerrish iwer Oier wie er naus geht in der Hinkel Shtal sehnt er des schwartz Oi leiye. Er hot's net ferbeisse kenne weil sie hen en Shaal so hard wie 'n Walniss. No geht er dra un schlugt des Oi gans. Selli Nacht hot der Hund Schmertze grigt. Er hot als shier g'brilld wie en Loeb.

Die Leit in Bassum Dhal ware al wacher un hen g'wunerd was letz werd. Der Scientist hot 'n Ponto en Bottel fol Castor-oil ei g'shit.

Bis Morgets war der Hauns ruich un hot g'shloffe. Der Hauns war g'cured von Oier fresse. Wan ma' ihn en Oi hie legd dan guckd er es so shep a' un nemt en Ungraes drum rum.

Awer die drei-eckiche Oier hen a' ihre unhendiche Points. Ihre Shaale sin so hard die junge Hinkel kenne sich net raus picke. Die Kluck kan sie a' net ferbreche. Wan die Oier drei Woche unich de Kluck ware dan muss ma sie ans Ohr hewe un horiche. Wan ma' hort die junge Hinkel picke an de Shaal fer raus dan muss ma der Hammer neme un die Oier ufglobe. Die alde Kluche gleiche a' net uf so sharife Oier zu hocke. Ma' kan sie a' net blame. Awer der Scientist hot en bardich nesht g'macht wu die Oier im e Grawe leiye wie im en Sei-trog.

N Correspondent von Liegeberger Retcher war bei iem, un wie er der Scientist g'frogt hot was in selm Compound werd as die die Hinkel drei-eckiche Oier leye macht, Secht er, "Es is zu scientific die Leit fershtehne es doch net wan ich es sag."

Sei Fra' hot awer g'sad er sot sei Secret zu de Weld gewe ma' kent net wisse was es gewe kent. Wan ihre Man shtorbe dhet dan gingd der Secret ferlore zu de Weld.

Der Scientist sagd awer net fiel, jusht des hot er g'sad.

"Wie ich als n Bu war dan hen sie mich n Redsil g'frogt. Es war, Was is drie-eckiche iwer der See kumme? Wan ich g'sad hab ich wissd net dan hen sie als g'lacht un hen g'sad 'Ei en Buch-waize Korn.'

"Ich shick ebbes iwer der See drie-eckich groesser wie n Buck-waize Korn, Nau wan sei Fra' am Seisskuche backe is dan hockt er de bei mit en Hammer un en ald-fashioned Bigel-eise un is am Oier uf globe.

Der Ponto kumt net nachst; un es rolle ken Oier meh von Dish.

EN PROFESSOR SEI COMPOUND

'N alde Kratzkop sei Experiments in Gartnerei sin hochlich interessant. Es hot fiel Leit wu behaupte er werd n groessere Man wie der Burbank.

Fiel von seine grosse Sache wu g'scheind hen unmoglich zu sei, sin aus g'führd ware bei ihn in G'fahr zu sein Korper.

Zum Besipiel, en Bungert von Ebbel-baem wu er g'blanzd hot war unfrucht-bar, die Baem ware glai un sin net g'wackse. Es ersht Ding as er gedhu hot war, browiere ebbes zu finne fer die Baem wackse mache.

Er hot n Compound in paar Dag g'hat un fer aus zu finne wie es schaft uf Blanze, browiert er's uf die rankliche Ivy wu newe am Haus g'hanke hen, Nau der ald Professor war en Man wu gud schlofe hot kenne.

Im Summer hot er sei Fensther halb wegs uf g'hot, sel hot sei Schlof-shtub kühl g'halde; awer er hot so laud g'schnarchsd, sei Fra' hot er wacher g'halde un dorum hot sie in 'ne anere Shtub g'schlofe.

Uf en schoener sunicher Dag denkt er es werd en gude Zeit fer sei Compound browiere. Am Mittage dhut er en gud Moss an die Wurzel von de ivy Shteck am Haus, un hot sich nichs meh bekimert drum selle Dag. Er hot g'glabt in paar Dag dhet er die Folge defo sehne. Selle Owet geht er ins Bet un hot es Fenster uf wie g'wöhnlich; er war müd un is glei eig'shlofe. Gege Morge hort sei Fra' ihn schnarckse, awer sie hot g'maind es dhet net nadürlich laude.

Defor hot's als g'laud as wie wan sie Riewe koche dhet. Awer des hot shier gor g'laud as wie wan Voegel dorich die Bletter von de Beam fliege dhete. No is es ihre bei g'falle ferleicht werd

ihre Man am fershticke. No shtet sie uf un geht in sei Shtub. Wie sie die Dhür uf macht grigt sie die groessd Ershtaunen von ihren Lewe.

Dort hot der Man geleye im Bett un war zu g'willd mit griene Bletter von Ivy wu zum Fenster nei g'wackse ware. Sie hot gor nichts sehne kenne von Professor. Er war als noch am schlofe sie G'sicht, die Bed-poshte, un ewen die Shtühl ware zu g'rankd mit Ivy.

Wie er als g'schnauft hot dan hen die Bletter owich sein G'sicht g'wackld bis sie hie gange is un hot mol dhail von de Bletter un Ranke aus sein G'sicht g'risse hot.

Sie hot awer no grad g'sehne as sie jusht in Zeit war shonsht werd er fershtickt. Es ware schon edliche Ranke in sei Maul g'wackse. Bei dies Zeit war der Professor wacher. Wie er die Auge uf macht un sehnt alles mit griene Bletter um ihn rum dan sagd er, "Wu bin ich dan?" "Sis doch noch net Grishdag?"

"Nai," sagd sei Fra', "du bisht im Bett; sei froh, sehn mol hie was dei Compound gedhu hot."'

"Hurrah?" greisht er un will aus en Bett shpringe awer dhail Ranke hen sich an sei Zehe g'wickeld g'hat un dhail um sei Enkel rum weil im Summer hot er alsfer net die Fies zu g'deckt; wie er uf shpringt hewe die Ranke ihn un er fallt uf der Floor as es g'bumt hot. Awer er war so froh as sei Compound so gud schaft, as er die Schmertze von sein Fall net g'fühld hot.

Er hot sich awer glei aus de Ranke g'risse un is naus an es Haus un schneid der Shtuck ab nachst an de Wurzel. No sagd er zu seine Fra', Nau will ich mol sehne eb mei Ebbel-beam im Bungert net wackse." Er hot no just meh an sei Ebbel-baem g'denkt, un die Ivy gans fergesse. Den nachste Owet hot es g'regert, no macht er sei Fenstere zu eb er ins Bet geht. Es war alles al recht, bis dan nachste Morge, wie die Fra Breakfast mache hot wolle dan hot der Offer a'fange shmoke bis die Kich un es gans Haus fol Shmoke war. Der Professor is uf g'shtane un hot mol g'guckt was letz werd.

Er hot der Dekel uf g'macht un in der Offe g'guckt awer er hot nichs sehne kenne as Shmoke wu ihn in die Auge kumme is.

No geht er naus un guckt am Haus in de heohe. No sehnt er was letz war. Die Ivy ware widder uf gewackse, am Haus un sin in der Schörnshtai g'wackse un hen en zu g'shtopd as der Offe ken Draft g'hat hot. Ken Wunner hot er g'shmokd. Fer den Druwel los zu were hot er die Ivy-shetck raus g'grawe un ferbrent.

Nau geht er dra un dhut sei Compound an die Ebbel-baem,awer er hot g'sad es werd net zu gud wan die Baem zu shtark wackse dhete. No macht er sei Compound just halwer so shtark.

Die Baem sin grosser ware un ware meh frucht bar, awer die Ebbel ware jusht baut so gross wie Kersche. Awer es nachst Yohr dhut er sei Compound No. 2 an die Baem, no sin die Ebbel so gross ware wie Wasser-melone. Es hot ihn die Baem zamme g'broche. Es driet Yohr, hot er awer sel g'shtopd.

Er hot nau en Compound wu die Baem gross un shtark genunk macht fer Ebbel zu drage so gross wie Wasser-melone.

'Sis awer g'ferhlich in seim Bungert zu sei wan die Ebbel zeitich sin. Wan sie em uf der Kop falle dhete, dan wais niemand eb sel net 'em sei Dot sei kent.

Der Professor sagd es het niemand ken Business in seim Bungert un hot en Sign uf "Danger keep away."

Wie sie ihn g'frogt hen "Wie gross wackse die Baem wu die Compound hen? Sagd er, "Sie sin am wackse en dausend Yohre von heit, Es gebt die groeshte Baem in de Weld." Es is niemand do as sage kan as es net so is, un weil der Professor schon anere grosse Dinge gedhu hot glabe die Leit was er sagd.

DER FELSE UF 'N BERIG.

Uf 'n Felse ald un gro',
Guck ich noch en Berig Blo',
Iwer's County von Bauerei,
Wie 'n quilter Debich f'r mir leiye,

Wu die Sun macht Seiss Perfume,
An hawi-mache Zeit im lieblich June;
Sie shprayed ihre Perfume uf's nei Hawi;
Un uf die Blume im wacksich Mawi.

Die draueriche Weide im griene Schwam
Henge die Kep die gans zeit lang,
Die Sun scheind a' fer selle sort,
Doch shtehne sie dort un drauere fort.

In ihre Schatte do sin die Kieh,
In de kiele Crick,
Sie shtehne im Wasser bis an die Knee,
Un schwenzle noch de Mick.

Uf 'n Dam hucke weisse Gens,
Mit de Schnewel im Dreck;
Sie mache net ihre Lewe mit scharre,
Awer mache's mit de Kep.

Ich hab gelebt in schoene Shtedt,
An Rewere brait un dief,
Wu koshbare Boats bluge's Wasser,
Un hen Music rohr un Siess.

Es haimeld mich fer 'n glainer Shtrom,
Wu la'ft von Berig im Dhal,
Un dorich Schwem un Bisch, macht sei Weg,
In Yohre von alle Zahl.

In griene Bisch un wilde Blüt,
Wu sanftlich peift der Biwie Lieb.
Wu die Phersante schlage die Drum,
Fer der wild Haas wu danzd dort rum,
Die Crick lacht iwer Shtai im Weg
Awer immer sucht en leichter Weg.

Ich hab gelebt in grosse Shtedt,
Mit Heiser dheuer un schoe;
Mit griene Parks un Monuments,
Von grosse glatte Shtai,

Geb mir der Felse uf en Berig hoch,
Wu mudderd sei Kinner wild,
Der Fuchs, Haas, Katz un Bassum,
Behiet er mit sei'm Schild.

Uf n Berig wie 'n Gluck im Nesht,
Im Busch wu briehd er shtill,
Er gebt gud acht was unich ihn schlupt,
Er is 'n Freind zum wild.

Wan der Jaeger im frishe November,—
Die nackiche Hecke un Felse rent er,
Wan die Flint gracht un knalt,
Un en Hauns sei Shtim im Busch schalt,
Es schiend der Haas werd net ald,
Er ferlossd sich uf sei Bai fer Helfe,
Un schlupt in's Loch am grosse Felse.

Dort is wu er sagd, "gud nacht,"
Zum Hauns un Jaeger uf de Jacht,
Der Jaeger am Felse is uf de Knee,
In sein'm Maul is duwaks Brei',
Der Hauns mit de Nass im grundich Loch,
Schart, un blart, un schnart grad dort,
Awer der Felse hebt die Haase hard.

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